The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1891.

The Week.

THE latest "health bulletin" upon Mr. Blaine's condition is sufficiently explicit, both in its contents and in the circumstances of its publication, to command the thoughtful attention of President Harrison. According to the Philadelphia *Press*, which publishes the bulletin, Mr. Blaine visited Philadelphia on Friday last for the express purpose of having himself examined with a view to ascertaining his ability to withstand the strain of another Presidential campaign. "A close friend of the Secretary," says the *Press* of Monday, "said yesterday that Mr. Blaine hesitated in his candidacy, and was seriously counting the cost to his health, knowing the arduous character of such a contest, and doubting whether he was physically able to stand the strain. These doubts, it is said, were removed by what his physician told him." The bulletin, which has been published all over the United States, gives us what his physician told him. In brief it was that Mr. Blaine is a "well man; for his years he is sturdy," and "he will be even better in six months from now." The Republican National Convention will meet just six months and four days from this time, so he will be in his best condition at the very moment when the delegates are assembling. The physician goes on to say that there is no doubt in his mind that "Mr. Blaine's health is excellent," that he has made it so by the "exercise of common sense, not medicines"; that at Bar Harbor "he went out riding so far per day, walked a certain distance, and played hand-ball a fixed length of time"; and that a couple of weeks ago Mr. Blaine wrote to him saying that he "walked two miles every day," and "very often a mile at a stretch." Finally, when the physician examined him, Mr. Blaine pulled up his right arm and the physician "felt his muscles." "They were good and large."

Simultaneously with the publication of this bulletin, there appears another publication, distributed likewise throughout the country, saying that Mr. Blaine wrote both the New Orleans and the Bering Sea correspondence with his own hand. This will be interesting news to the President's son, who has informed the country on several occasions that his father is entitled to the credit of both these diplomatic achievements. Simultaneously, also, with the bulletin appears a statement from Syracuse that James J. Belden, who "doesn't stir round for nothing," has started a Blaine club in that city, and has been attacked by the editor of the Syracuse *Journal*, whom President Harrison made Postmaster, for dragging thereby the "great name of James G. Blaine, the peerless statesman and foremost American of his age, in the mire of dirty politics." The editor-postmaster makes the following among other assertions: "James G Blaine is always a Republican. He has no sympathy for treachery in the party which he honors and which has honored him He never took office from it to turn upon its candidates and attempt to defeat them in an election. He is a leader of Republicans — never sulking, never taking mean revenges. It is scarcely less than profanation to take his name for use by political thugs and sluggers in a campaign of personal revenges and partisan reprisals." Has the editor-postmaster forgotten the letter which Mr. Blaine wrote to Mr. Richard Harrington in the Folger campaign? That letter was dated October 20, 1882, and in it Mr. Blaine said: "For the remainder of this campaign, Republicans everywhere should bend their energies to securing a majority in the next House of Representatives. *Whatever causes of just discontent may exist with State nominations, unfairly and injuriously thrust upon the party, and whatever means may be taken to resent such wrongs and repel such indignities*, it is evidently the duty of all true Republicans to use every honorable effort to hold control of the popular branch of Congress." Does not the editor-postmaster remember that that letter was the Blaine signal to "put a knife" into Folger, and that it was obeyed so well that Mr. Cleveland had a majority of 192,000?

Gov. Hill's fight for the control of the Legislature grows in intensity every day, and is leading him into performances which are remarkable even for him. When the Supreme Court in Onondaga County began on Monday to consider the responses of the election inspectors who had been ordered to recanvass the returns of the Second Assembly District, and correct the errors they had made in spelling the name of the Republican candidate, it was discovered that the inspectors had taken no action, for various reasons. One reason was, that a Democratic Supervisor, or member of the County Canvassing Board, had departed for parts unknown with some of the incorrect returns in his pocket. Another reason was, that other of the incorrect returns were in Albany, having been taken there on the order of the Governor, to be used in a hearing which he was conducting in regard to the conduct of the Republican Clerk of the Canvassing Board who had refused to sign the certificate which the Democratic majority had ordered to be issued to the Democratic candidate. Justice Kennedy, who might be a good deal more temperate in his observations than he is, denounced the runaway Supervisor and the Governor in equally vigorous terms, and it cannot be denied that the two are placed before the public in about the same degree of unfavorable light, since neither of them has any business to be meddling with the returns while they are still under consideration by the Canvassing Board. The Governor's conduct at the hearing of the clerk was about as partisan as it could be, he so far forgetting himself at one point as to tell the clerk, who sought to say a word in his own defence: "You shut up! You have nothing to say here."

The most surprising act of the Governor, however, has been the convening of an extraordinary special term of the Supreme Court at Syracuse, and the designation of Morgan J. O'Brien of this city to preside over it. It is generally believed that he has taken this step in order, as his organs in the press put it, "to checkmate" Justice Kennedy. We shall be greatly surprised if Justice O'Brien allows himself to be used for any such purpose as this implies. The spectacle of the Governor of the State setting up a branch of the Supreme Court to checkmate the decisions of the regular branch, because they interfere with his plans for capturing the Legislature, is a public scandal of the first magnitude. It may be that there is other court business which impels to the step, but the Governor's friends do not make that excuse for it. The worst feature of the Governor's side of the Onondaga contest is that all his efforts, in and out of the courts, are bent on preventing a revision of the returns by the inspectors for the correction of their own blunders. He thus admits that a fair count would show that the Republican candidate was fairly elected. He is in a similar position in the other contested cases.

Senator Carlisle has written a letter to Mr. John DeWitt Warner on the subject of the Speakership, disabusing the minds of such as may read it of the conception that Mr. Mills is a man of infirmities of temper which would unfit him for the Speakership. Having disposed of this matter, Mr. Carlisle adverts to another of even greater interest, *i. e.*, the policy of the Democrats in Congress on the silver question. Upon this point the Senator from Kentucky holds very sound views. He says that the Democratic party is united on the tariff question, but divided on the silver question. "Why shall we," he asks, "on the eve of a great national contest, when victory is almost within our grasp, abandon or ignore a vital issue, upon which we are united, and waste our strength in a fruitless controversy among ourselves over questions which can be better adjusted after it has been determined what part of their earnings the people shall be permitted to keep?" The importance of this deliverance by Mr. Carlisle can hardly be overestimated when we consider the commanding position he holds in the party, having been thrice Speaker of the House,

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and representing a free-coinage State in the national Senate. It is not to be supposed that Mr. Carlisle wrote these words without due consultation and due understanding. We look upon his letter as very nearly equivalent to a guarantee that no free-coinage bill will pass Congress during the coming session.

Senator Pugh of Alabama has written a very unwise and schismatic letter on the silver question in reply to Senator Carlisle. We call this letter schismatic for two reasons: first, because it tends to divide the Democratic party into two factions to be beaten in detail by their common enemy, the Republican party; (2) because it proposes to introduce a new plank in the platform of the Democratic party in advance of the meeting of the National Convention. The last convention, the one which met at St. Louis on the 7th of June, 1888, did not pass any resolution on the silver question, but it did endorse the financial policy of the Cleveland Administration as "wise and conservative." It declared that that policy had "not only averted disaster, but greatly promoted the prosperity of the people." We all know what that policy was touching the silver question. It was diametrically opposed to the policy which Senator Pugh advocates, and which he now wants to thrust into the platform in advance of the meeting of the Convention. We have little fear that the party in Congress will go ahead of the Convention and run down a steep place into the sea, but if it does so, its fate will be sealed as surely as was that of the Ohio Democrats when they put free coinage into their platform. If free coinage would not win in Ohio this year, what is the chance of its winning in any Northern State next year?

Senator Pugh cannot take leave of the subject in hand without a fling at "Wall Street." This is the usual mark of the demagogue in financial matters. Wall Street happens to be the most convenient place for settling the balance of trade of the country—that of Alabama as well as that of California and of Maine. It may not always be so, but it is so now, and thus it comes about that money accumulates there in the shape of bankers' balances. Now the accumulation of money anywhere is a good target for demagogues. It is of no consequence who owns it. It is of no consequence if all the people of the United States who own anything beyond the clothes on their backs have some share of this money or some interest in it. It is "Wall Street" just the same—a terrible monster and an object of loathing and horror to Congressmen of a certain type. What Mr. Pugh's type is we can judge from a sample of his legislation on the statute-book. Some years ago there was a bill pending in the Senate to extend the National Bank Act—the original act being about to expire by limitation. This was a fine chance for somebody to do some harm to the system, and Mr. Pugh embraced it. He offered an amendment providing that no bank should be a member of a clearing-house where silver certificates were not received in settlement of balances. Silver certificates are not legal tender. The Government has nothing to do with clearing-houses any more than it has with any kind of labor-saving machine. A clearing-house is a contrivance for swapping checks. The banks meet in a common place for this purpose, instead of each one sending a messenger to all the others to collect what is due to it, at the risk of being robbed on the street. Mr. Pugh's amendment, therefore, provided in effect that unless national banks would accept something which was not legal tender in the payment of balances among themselves, they should be required to send messengers daily through the streets with piles of money at the risk of being robbed. Strange to say, this amendment was actually adopted by a wise Senate, and is now on the statute-book. It is worthless and nugatory, however, for all purposes, because it did not provide that the banks should *pay* silver certificates to each other as well as receive them.

There are not many "morals" to be drawn from the full official figures of the recent election in this State. Mr. Sheehan, the Democratic candidate for Lieutenant Governor, ran 6,882 votes behind Mr. Flower; and Mr. Vrooman, the Republican candidate for the same office, ran 6,621 votes ahead of Mr. Fassett. The total vote of all parties for Governor was 1,161,853, against 1,317,263 for Governor in 1888, and 1,026,239 for Governor in 1885. Mr. Flower's total vote is over 81,000 greater than that cast for Hill in 1885, and Mr. Fassett's is over 43,000 greater than that cast for Davenport in the same year. In comparison with the vote for Governor in the Presidential year of 1888, Mr. Flower has over 67,000 less votes than Hill received, and Mr. Fassett has over 97,000 less than Warner Miller received, though Miller received in that election over 19,000 less votes than Harrison. A curious revelation of this year's returns is the total for the Prohibition candidate for Governor, namely, 30,353, against 30,231 in 1888, and 30,867 in 1885.

The official canvass of the Massachusetts election shows a total vote for Governor this month of 321,673. This is a poll without precedent in the record of State elections, the only approach to it being the 312,357 votes in the year when Butler was beaten for reëlection. In 1889 the total was but 263,047, and in 1890, when Congressmen also were elected, it rose no higher than 285 526. Last month's contest brought out within 23,000 of the Presidential vote of 344,448 in 1888, and the result thus in every aspect records the most impressive verdict ever rendered by the voters of the State in such an election. The Republican State ticket below its head received votes rising from 150,697 on the Auditorship to 157,216 for the very popular candidate for Lieutenant-Governor. The Democratic nominee for the latter office had 145,865, which appears to represent the normal strength of his party, so that on the purely partisan issue the Republicans ought to have elected the Governor by over 11,000 plurality. Gov. Russell received 157,982, which was 12,000 more than the regular Democratic vote, and 6,467 more than his Republican opponent. Apparently about two thousand of the extra 12,000 came from the People's party, which polled only 1,772 for its candidate for Governor, but ran up its vote for Secretary of State to 3,729. Another thousand came from the Socialist Labor party, which cast 2,525 for Auditor, but only 1,429 for Governor. About fifteen hundred more seem to have voted for some of the minor candidates on the Prohibition ticket, but to have supported Russell for Governor. The remainder of his lead, somewhere between 8,000 and 9,000, represents Republicans who stood by their party on the rest of the ticket, but proved their independence by voting for the other party's man for Governor, on the simple ground that he was better qualified to fill the office.

When the Postmaster-General advertised for bids under the Mail-Subsidy Law, he laid out a roseate programme with his sixty-two routes, several of them transatlantic and others calling for the establishment of new lines to South America and different parts of the known and unknown world. At the time the bids were opened, on October 26, it was found that but eleven routes were bid upon. Of these, four called for the opening of new lines. It now appears, however, that two of the four showed some "irregularities" in the bids, and had to be rejected, namely: the Boston-Liverpool route, upon which the "Columbia Safety Steamship Company" was to put a fleet of first-class vessels earning $4 a mile from the Government, and the New Orleans-Colon route, for which the Pacific Mail Company put in a bid. That modest organization seems to have withdrawn this bid, apparently for fear that the new law might be brought into discredit if a clear majority of all the contracts should turn up in its hands. As it is, it has four routes out of the nine upon which bids were accepted. Three of the others go to companies having established lines, upon which they will not need to put a single new ship or other improvement, and for operating which precisely as they do now they are to get a bounty from the Government with no service rendered therefor. Some second-class ships are to begin running between New York and Buenos Ayres on December 1, 1894, provided nothing happens in the meantime to discourage the contractor. He has a route upon which an experienced steamship president has said that the *Augusta Victoria* could not comply with the conditions of speed, yet he proposes to undertake the job with second-class steamers. The other new vessels to be built under the law are all fourth-class. We do not wonder that the great subsidy advocate, the *Tribune*, took two days to comment upon

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this result of its famous policy—nine routes, of which the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, of odorous memory, gets four!

A year or two ago, when McKinleyism was rather more aggressive than it is now, we were told that the increased tax on this or that article would amount to only three cents per head of the people of the United States. The people, however, decided, so far as they have been able yet to decide, that they would rather keep the three cents themselves. And now the organ of the Manufacturers' Club in Philadelphia, playing a variation on the tune, tells us that the sugar bounty will be only $9,000,000 this year, whereas the receipts from the tax on beer will be $28,000,000. In other words, the beer tax will pay the sugar bounty and leave $19,000,000 to the good. Again it says that the tobacco tax will yield $33,000,000, or enough to pay the sugar bounty three and a-half times. Contemplating the internal revenue as a gift enterprise, it says that the sum so collected will pay all the pensions and the sugar bounty, and leave a remainder of $15,000,000. This is a most dangerous suggestion, since it notifies all the people of the United States who are willing to take a bounty, where it may be obtained. Think of fifteen millions of unclaimed money! It is like the estates in the Bank of England that are awaiting heirs from the Smiths, Halls, and Joneses whose progenitors emigrated to America in the time of Charles I.

The Boston *Journal of Commerce* has taken pains to get at the bottom facts regarding the recent reduction of wages in the iron works of Jones & Laughlin of Pittsburgh. Several contradictory stories have been in circulation regarding this matter. Mr. Jones is the ex-Chairman of the Republican National Committee, having been the immediate predecessor of Quay in that position. Consequently, many Republican papers have been unwilling to believe that wages had been reduced by his firm. It was almost as bad as the bankruptcy of the Chairman of the American Protective Tariff League soon after the passage of the McKinley Bill. The Boston newspaper says that, in consequence of the conflicting stories, it "took occasion to ascertain the facts from an entirely reliable source, and outside of the firm." The finding is as follows:

"On Thursday, November 5, an order went into effect which affected the wages of several hundred men employed as laborers, but the change was not absolute as regards a reduction in pay. In all, about 1,200 men were included; all are now required to work ten hours per day, instead of nine as formerly. Some had their wages reduced from $1.50 to $1.35 per day, but not the entire 1,200 laborers. The virtual decrease made by the added working time affects, perhaps, 400 more. In those cases where no extra working time was added the pay was cut, and in several departments both changes were made."

We advise that this paragraph be clipped out and collated with some dozens, or scores, or hundreds of other like testimonials to the advantages reaped by labor from the McKinley Bill.

"G. W. S." writes to the *Tribune* that somebody of the name of Curtice Bond has been casting aspersions on the fair fame of Mr. Blaine by a Dalziel telegram to the London press. "G. W. S." has had a conversation on this subject with "a person in authority" named X—he seldom has intercourse with persons of lower grade. The narrative, as he gives it, proceeds in this way:

"You will not have forgotten one shameless attack on Mr. Blaine which was sent over here by Dalziel's New York agency; one for which Mr. Curtice Bond assumed the responsibility in his character of Mr. Blaine's friend. On the morning when it was published in the *Times* I said to a person in authority, who must have read the despatch:

"'Look here, X. Suppose I should cable to New York that Lord Salisbury had a partner in the sealing business in Bering Sea, and that he was preventing a settlement and sacrificing his country to his partner, and for the sake of his own share in the plunder, what would you say?'

"'What on earth do you mean?'

"'I mean that that is exactly what Mr. Blaine is accused of in the Dalziel despatch from New York in this morning's *Times*.'

"He reflected a moment, and answered:

"'Well, it is a shame. I never looked at it in that light before.'

"By which I understood him to mean that so long as the calumny affected Mr. Blaine only, it never struck him as a calumny; apply it to Lord Salisbury, and the infamy of the charge, and of him who made it, became apparent at once."

Yes, but suppose he had cabled to New York that Lord Salisbury had written a letter to a person applying for a Government charter, or land grant, or favor of some sort, saying: "I will not be a deadhead in this enterprise. Kind regards to Mrs. Fisher." The effect of this kind of a cablegram would have been serious, because Lord Salisbury is not suspected of writing that kind of letters. With Mr. Blaine the case is different, and therefore cablegrams of this kind occasion no surprise, and few people take pains to ask whether they are true or not.

Some doubt appears to exist as to the provisions of the Brazilian Constitution in regard to filling the Presidency in case of a vacancy such as has just occurred, even the Brazilian Minister in Washington not being able last week to enlighten a newspaper correspondent on the subject. Article 41, section 1, of the Constitution of Brazil declares that the Vice-President, "elected simultaneously with the President, shall serve in place of the latter in case of impediment, and succeed him in case of vacancy in the Presidency." But article 42 adds: "In case of vacancy from any cause in the Presidency or Vice-Presidency before the expiration of the first two years of the Presidential term, a new election shall be held." As Fonseca's term had not yet covered a single year, it is clear that Vice-President Peixoto can succeed him only temporarily. The regular date for Presidential elections is March 1, and it may be that a new choice will be made then. The Congress, at the time of its dissolution, was engaged upon legislation carrying out the provisions of the Constitution relating to the Presidency, but had enacted no measure which would direct in the present emergency. Much depends, therefore, upon the kind of man Peixoto turns out to be. Congress has been reconvened by him, and the whole question of the succession may be settled this month in an orderly and lawful manner. Everything now promises a continuance of the republican form of government, though, for Brazil, it must be a *form* in a double sense for a long time to come.

Our esteemed contemporary, the *Brazilian Republic*, favored us with thirty-five copies of its issue of September 19, and a like number of its issue of September 26. We were somewhat at a loss to account for such a generous remembrance until we came upon the following editorial admission:

"We have a contract with the Brazilian Government, in virtue of which we send to Europe 1,000 copies, 1,000 to the United States and Canada, and 1,000 more we are distributing in Brazil. The amounts paid? That is our business. The objects sought? To spread the clear light of truth, etc."

After that there can be no question of the editor's entire sincerity and disinterestedness when he proceeds to sing the praises of "the best of Brazilian statesmen." He refers to the man who had given him his contract, Baron Lucena, who has since accompanied Fonseca to retirement. We fear that the contract is now in danger of cancellation, and that we shall have to get along, in the future, with a single copy, of our unpurchasable contemporary.

The acute financial embarrassment of the Spanish Government is somewhat difficult to account for in view of the prosperous condition of Spain's foreign trade as revealed in the returns for 1890, just published. The exports reached a value of $187,551,976, a gain of $10,180,000 over those of 1889, and the imports amounted to $189,427,585, an increase of $14,965,260. The preceding year, moreover, showed a considerable advance over the results attained in recent years, so that the last year ought to represent a high degree of prosperity; and, as the national revenues are largely derived from customs duties, the embarrassment of the Treasury seems singular. If the public declarations of an ex-Minister are to be believed, the explanation is to be found in the extraordinary incompetence and dishonesty of the civil service. The Government ought to have a sufficient revenue from the existing laws of taxation, he asserts, but too much of the money collected from the taxpayers never enters the Treasury. We cannot enter into the arguments which the ex-Minister advances, except to say that the charge of incompetence is universally admitted, and to such a degree that it comes to about the same thing as dishonesty. That is to say, the spoils system, which has full swing in Spain, loads so many men upon the civil service whose only claim is partisan activity, that the whole service is thoroughly demoralized.

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HOW RECIPROCITY WAS SET GOING.

THE evidence which we presented a fortnight ago to show that the reciprocity agreement with Brazil was dishonorably obtained by Mr. Blaine, has gone uncontradicted. That neither he nor Mr. Mendonça has denied the fact, although the latter at least, as we know, has been asked to deny it, is an added and strong proof that the charges recite the truth. But it has been said that there is an antecedent absurdity in supposing that Mr. Blaine could have promised to shut out Cuban sugar from the free market accorded the Brazilian product, in view of the fact that the Aldrich amendment to the McKinley Bill made the offer of reciprocity to all countries. Thus Gen. J. W. Foster was reported as saying: "No person or government having a knowledge of the law of Congress under which the negotiations were carried on, could have been misled by any such alleged promise. The third section of the Tariff Act is an offer to all countries," etc. The Boston *Journal* has said that this statement of the case makes the charge against Mr. Blaine "ridiculous." It may be well, therefore, to review the history of the reciprocity clause and its working, in order to show that Mr. Blaine was in desperate need of getting some country to appear to accept that legislation seriously, and so to have an example to hold up before the others.

Going back to the fall of 1889, we find Mr. Blaine negotiating a genuine reciprocity treaty with Brazil. Commissioners from that country were in Washington, on the invitation of our Government, empowered to offer certain concessions, and were ready to accept Mr. Blaine's offer of free sugar as a sufficient equivalent. No secrecy was affected about this, and, indeed, during the Senate debates on the reciprocity clause it was distinctly stated as an objection to making sugar free that it would upset the treaty which Mr. Blaine and the Brazilians were on the point of signing. Before that, as is well known, Mr. Blaine had cast all his influence against free sugar in the House; and his fierce denunciation of the McKinley Bill, with the famous hat-smashing episode in the presence of the Senate Committee on Finance, were the direct result of his disappointment at the loss of his sole available material for a treaty.

Then came the reciprocity manœuvres in the Senate. McKinley in the House had argued for free sugar solely on the ground of revenue reduction; the Aldrich amendment coolly asserted that sugar was made free "with a view to secure reciprocal trade." This did not suit Mr. Blaine any better. His ideas were brought out unmistakably in his letter to Senator Frye, and more especially in the amendment and remarks of Senator Hale, offered as they were, without any concealment, in the name of the Secretary. What the latter wanted was the restoration of sugar to the dutiable list, with the proviso that the President should be authorized, "without any further legislation, to declare the ports of the United States free and open to all products of any nation of the American hemisphere, whenever and so long as such nation" should give free entry to certain exports of the United States.

This was a fair and reasonable basis of reciprocity. We would call attention, however, to the fact that Mr. Blaine intended to exclude Cuba as well as Canada from its operation. In his letter to the President, transmitted by the latter to the Senate, he took pains to speak of the countries represented in the Pan-American Congress, and the *nations* of the American hemisphere, as the sole ones with which he wished to secure reciprocity. The peculiar phraseology he employed, as also that of the Hale amendment, was commented upon in the Senate, and it was admitted that it was intended to shut out Cuba and Canada. Neither of those countries sent delegates to the Pan-American Congress, and neither of them is an independent nation. This is a point which those would do well to remember who now assert that it would have been preposterous for Mr. Blaine to hold out the idea to the Brazilians that he would favor their sugar and shut out the Cuban product. He certainly intended to do that in the beginning, however his conduct may have been shaped by circumstances subsequently.

But the Senate rejected Mr. Blaine's plan and accepted the Aldrich amendment. It did this in the face of Senator Evarts's unanswerable argument against its constitutionality, and with the unconcealed idea that it would be taken as so much buncombe, and would never have any practical effect. Thus, Senator Hoar expressed the general sentiment on the Republican side when he said, after tacitly admitting that the Aldrich amendment was unconstitutional: "I regard the amendment . . . rather as a declaration of purpose than as a definition of legislative policies and enactments." The House finally accepted the amendment, with Speaker Reed's cynical remarks about it as the best indication of the spirit in which the action was taken. It was regarded as a harmless bit of sentiment, which might serve its purpose in the canvass, and then would never be heard of any more. The Brazilian negotiators themselves had declared that if Congress made sugar free, they should have nothing more to ask of this country, and so there would be no basis for a treaty. That the President would ever exercise the unconstitutional power voted him in the Aldrich amendment was universally regarded as out of the question, especially after the overwhelming Republican defeat in November, 1890.

These, then, were the circumstances under which Mr. Blaine set about securing a reciprocity agreement with Brazil. The representatives of that country had said there was no longer room for a treaty; they had already received from this country the last favor they could ask. Yet it was not long before they were recommending a treaty to their home Government, and doing it, so four ex-members of that Government assert, because Mr. Blaine had assured them that he would secure free sugar for them and refuse it to Cuba. Without some such promise, their action is wholly unintelligible. On Mr. Blaine's part there was need of some such way of getting reciprocity started, if the whole thing was not to flash in the pan. With one country accepting it, he could persuade or bully others into doing so, and, in fact, as soon as the Brazilian agreement was made public, the joyful *Tribune* hailed it as the means of exerting "powerful pressure" upon other countries. Thus, far from there being an antecedent absurdity in the Secretary's promise to Brazil, we have shown that no other hypothesis so well explains the facts—this, be it remembered, apart from the positive evidence which we have advanced to show that there was such a promise, and which, as we said above, has gone uncontradicted.

GOV. RUSSELL ON THE MASSACHUSETTS ELECTION.

THERE is no political leader who is surer of a hearing than the young man who was re-elected Governor of Massachusetts three weeks ago, after a most exciting canvass and on the largest vote ever cast there in a State election. There is no subject, too, about which the public would rather have his views than the significance of this very election, upon which Gov. Russell contributes an article to the December number of the *Forum*.

The Governor begins with a reference to the contest of 1890, when, for the first time since the war, the Democrats elected a majority of the Congressmen and a Democratic Governor, after a campaign which was "chiefly directed against the McKinley Bill." He recounts the desperate efforts made by the Republicans ever since his inauguration last January "to redeem Massachusetts," telling how they made their organization more thorough and efficient than ever before, formed a State club and local clubs, opened their campaign a fortnight before the Democrats, covertly appealed to race and religious prejudice, put the Collector of Boston and other Federal officials upon the stump, held more campaign meetings than had ever been known even in a Presidential year, and, in short, made a "supreme effort" to win. They had always claimed that the result in 1890 was a snap judgment upon a small vote, and that a full poll would restore the old Republican majority; but, although the total proved to be 36,000 larger than in 1890, the Democratic Governor was reëlected by a plurality but little diminished.

The importance of this result, in Gov. Russell's opinion, arises from the fact that the Republican leaders made their campaign chiefly upon national issues. "They declared from every stump that the electoral vote of Massachusetts would be in danger in 1892 if a Democratic Governor were re-elected in 1891." The Democrats were glad to meet them on this line. National issues were aggressively raised in their platform; such Congressional leaders as Mills, McMillin, and Springer took the stump; the tariff issue was kept at the front, and the McKinley

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Bill was made the subject of constant attack. "Democratic success was won in Massachusetts last year upon this issue, and victory was again achieved this year largely upon the same ground."

Gov. Russell shows how the Democrats put the Republicans upon the defensive on the silver question, by adopting a platform which placed the party definitely and aggressively in favor of a sound currency and in opposition to the dangerous law passed by the last Republican Congress. While not claiming that the silver question was important enough to affect the result materially, Gov. Russell thinks that the attitude of the Democrats towards it helped the party to achieve its victory. But the main element was the growth of tariff-reform sentiment. The Democrats declared for the repeal of all provisions in the McKinley Bill which raise duties, and also for the repeal of all taxes upon food, fuel, fibres, ores, and crude or partly manufactured materials necessary in the processes of the State's domestic industries. Nearly the whole iron industry of Massachusetts, and a large section of the wool manufacturing industry, have been brought by the pressure of business interests to adopt this position in favor of free raw materials, and the Democrats thus appealed to a community which was in a mood to hear their arguments with candor. Upon the significance of the election as affecting this issue, Gov. Russell quotes in his article from his speech delivered in Faneuil Hall on the day before the election, in confident anticipation of the result actually reached: "It means, first, that Massachusetts adheres to her demand of last year for free raw materials, for the benefit of her industries and her people. It means that she demands that her sons—first, last, and always—shall stand for her rather than for Ohio or Pennsylvania, and that she stands behind those sons who have stood true to her. It means that she is willing to take her chance in any fair competition, but she demands that in that competition her hands shall not be tied. She objects to a policy that would destroy her natural advantages; she protests against law holding the knife that would cut the throat of any of her industries. True to her history and her traditions, true to the great agitations that she has led for human rights, for freedom and equality, she protests against unequal and unjust taxation."

Gov. Russell's remarks as to the prospects of the Massachusetts Democracy in the future will be read with lively interest. He points out that the recent growth of the party dates from the Presidential election of 1884, when "a large body of independent voters, including many of the most distinguished and influential men in the State, left the Republican party." Since then these voters have been gradually becoming more closely attached to the Democratic party, until he thinks that to-day nearly all of them are in its ranks. Cleveland's Administration did much to strengthen his party in the State and to give it the support of the business community. The Governor concludes:

"It cannot be claimed that Massachusetts can yet be counted as a Democratic State, whatever she may become in the immediate future; but the two last elections have shown that she is a State where the balance of power is held by a body of independent voters whose political action is guided by principle, and who are firm supporters of tariff reform. The Democratic party of Massachusetts cannot hold out to the national Democracy any strong prospect of securing the electoral vote of Massachusetts next year for any candidates, or for any policies, which cannot command this support; but these voters have now every inclination to continue to give their support to the Democratic cause, and a reasonable course on the part of the national Democracy will probably make Massachusetts a Democratic State in 1892. In order to attain this end, it is of paramount importance that the tariff question should be kept at the front in the next Congress, and that it should be made the one great issue of the Presidential campaign. If the Democratic party should commit itself—as fortunately there is now very little chance that it will—to the free coinage of silver, it must be frankly acknowledged that the Democratic ticket would have little chance of success in New England in 1892, whatever might be its prospects elsewhere. We have shown in Massachusetts that we can hold what we have won upon a vote 32,000 larger than that of last year [the official count makes it 36,000 larger]. The Democracy of this State is united and aggressive, and under favorable conditions it believes that it can again hold its own upon the yet larger vote which will be cast in the Presidential year. It only asks of the national Democracy a fair opportunity to make this contest."

This is the sort of talk which must have effect, for it comes, not from a "doctrinaire" or "theorist," but from a politician who has just won one of the greatest victories in recent political history. There is no more "practical man" extant than one who can not only carry a State long controlled by the opposite party, when the "tidal wave" runs his way, but can do it over again a year later, in face of unexampled opposition. What politicians always want to find out is how to carry elections. Gov. Russell has shown that he knows the way.

THE SILVER SITUATION.

Some little interest has been infused into the silver discussion by Mr. J. Edward Simmons's suggestion in the columns of the *Evening Post* that the Secretary of the Treasury be invested with power to sell silver bullion as well as to buy it, in order to replenish his gold resources. Secretary Foster, in his speech at the Chamber of Commerce dinner, had declared that he had the right, under existing law, to sell bonds bearing interest as high as 5 per cent., in order to replenish his stock of gold, if necessary. He had also affirmed that it was his duty to do so whenever that contingency should arrive. "Why not sell some of the silver?" asks Mr. Simmons.

The same question came into the mind of the late Secretary Windom, when he was wrestling with the silver problem soon after the Harrison Administration came into power. Mr. Windom saw that something evil would grow out of that clause in the Republican platform which condemned the Cleveland Administration for its unfriendliness to silver. So he began very early to "start a back fire." One of his plans was that the Government should buy silver and issue notes on it, and then sell the silver to redeem the notes on presentation, or at least to retain the option to sell it. But this did not please the silver-men. The silver-miners saw that if this plan were carried into effect, the Government would cease to be a buyer of any *net* amount of their product. The Treasury would be like a warehouse which buys wheat at some times and sells it at other times, really exercising no influence on the market. The silver-producers would lose their special favors, and be relegated to the condition of the producers of other things. The silver-men who are not miners, but who call themselves "the debtor class," or claim to represent that class, opposed the selling of any silver because that would tend to prevent depreciation of the standard of value. What they wanted was a cheaper dollar—a seventy-cent dollar or something lower—and they knew it would be impossible to get this if the Secretary had the power to sell silver for gold in order to redeem his Treasury notes. So Mr. Windom's plan fell through. Nevertheless, there is a good deal of virtue in it, and we shall hope to hear more about it by and by.

The silver situation is one which can not last. The purchase of seven tons of bullion per day to be stored in dark places is too great a strain upon the Treasury, and is becoming too grotesque for the public sense of humor. Secretary Foster has his eye fixed on Europe, and is looking anxiously for signs of relief from that quarter, in the shape of a new bimetallic conference. Mr. Jesse Seligman has been cruising around with a quasi-diplomatic mission to bring the Continental Powers into the movement. Somewhat earlier another gentleman visited England for the same purpose. A cable telegram the other day said that Mr. Seligman had had an interview with M. Ribot, the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, and that the latter had said that, while he sympathized with Mr. Seligman's views, France could not take the initiative in calling a new conference, and that Mr. Seligman had thereupon gone to Egypt to spend the winter. In the convenient company of the Sphinx that amiable gentleman may learn quite as much about the future of bimetallism as from all the cabinets of Europe.

It is the common opinion now that Congress will do nothing with silver this winter. This opinion is grounded upon the triumphant success of the Democrats in New York and Massachusetts on anti-silver platforms, and their humiliating defeat in Ohio on a free-coinage platform. If Congress does nothing, the purchase of seven tons of bullion per day will go on until the Treasury breaks down under the strain and the Secretary begins to sell bonds to replenish his gold balance. It would be a mistake to suppose, however, that the silver extremists will remain quiet. They see the danger that awaits them when bond-selling becomes necessary. That would mean that the people of the United States were borrowing money in order to pay silver-miners a higher price for their work than the market affords. There are few persons so squint-eyed that they cannot see this when the bond-selling begins. Naturally, in such a case many would join Mr. Simmons in asking, "Why not sell the silver instead of selling bonds"?

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This danger, this rock ahead, is clearly perceived by the silverites, and they will try to avoid it by a change in the present law, if they cannot do more. The first change they will ask will be an amendment to compel the coining of all the bullion bought by the Government, because bullion can be more easily sold than coin. The public would see good reasons for selling bullion when they would not see reasons for selling coin. To get the daily quota of seven tons of bullion into the form of standard dollars will be the first push of the silver crowd if they are not strong enough to pass a free-coinage bill. Very likely they will try also to repeal the clause which declares it to be the purpose of the Government to keep the different kinds of money at par with each other. If they do this, they will proclaim their own intention to depreciate the standard of value and to demonetize gold. It will be worth something to have this purpose set forth in black and white.

THE PROSPECT IN ENGLAND.

THE English Conservatives have followed the example of the Liberals in getting up a "convention," not for the purpose of nominating candidates, as in this country, but simply to enable the chief men of the party to make speeches and compare views on the party prospects. In other words, the Conservative Convention at Birmingham is an answer to the Liberal Convention at Newcastle. The Conservatives formally join issue with the Liberals, not only on Home Rule, but on the disestablishment of the Anglican Church both in Wales and in England, and, in spite of the past promises of the Ministry, the Convention voted against the bestowal of local government on Ireland. In the opinion of good observers, however, the Irish Local Government Bill foreshadowed by Mr. Balfour will be introduced just the same in the next session, with the hope or expectation that some excuse for dropping it before the dissolution of Parliament will be furnished by Liberal obstruction. If this should come about, the Ministry would be able to go to the country at the general election with the cry that they had tried to give the Irish all the management of their own affairs that was good for them, but were prevented by the Liberal-Irish coalition. If on this the Conservatives came back to the House with a good majority, proba bly nothing more would be heard of the scheme. A great many good old-fashioned Tories dislike it, and if it were proved that the Ministry could win without it, it would be definitively laid aside. The Liberals are, however, fully prepared for this programme, and have determined, if Mr. Balfour introduces the bill, not to furnish any excuse for failure to pass it. The secret belief of the leading Tories, from Lord Salisbury down, is that arbitrary rule, to the extent provided by the Coercion Act, is good enough for the Irish, but they are afraid to avow this doctrine to the new democratic constituencies in England.

What is most interesting in the rival platforms of the two parties is the way in which they are trying to outbid each other for the votes of the laborers, especially the agricultural laborers. These until now have been an unknown quantity in electoral calculations. The belief of the Tories when they extended the franchise—one of the pleasing humbugs invented by Beaconsfield—was that the Squire and the Parson, who are natural Conservatives, would be able to control the labor vote in the country districts, so that the new democracy would be "a Tory Democracy," and would stand for Church and King against the wicked Radicals and levellers of the towns. But this is now turning out to be a complete delusion. It is admitted on all hands that the agricultural laborer is, as a voter, in full revolt against his old patrons and guides. It has taken him until now, for he is not quick-witted, to find out that he can vote as he pleases, and there is much reason to believe that the party of his choice, for the present at least, will be the party to which the Squire, the Parson, and the Farmer do *not* belong. Like the negroes of the South after their enfranchisement, he feels that his employers are not to be trusted politically, however kindly his relations with them personally may be. A correspondent of the London *Times* travelling through the country looking up election signs and "straws" had been foreshadowing this for some weeks before the South Moulton election, at which the Conservatives had such a rude awakening, due mainly to the desertion *en masse* of the agricultural laborers.

Accordingly, the great Conservative cry now is that something must be done for "Labor." One proposal is to apply the chief provisions of the latest Irish Land Act to England, so as to enable laborers to purchase small holdings with Government aid. Another is to encourage the election of Labor candidates to the House of Commons, provided they are Unionists. Mr. Chamberlain has a scheme of compulsory insurance for sickness and old age, like Bismarck's, and he is trying to persuade the public, amid more or less laughter, that this is what he had in mind when he talked of the "ransom" which property-holders owed to the poor for having kept them out of their own so long. Of course, also, the Birmingham Convention resolved in favor of the establishment of "a labor department," to be presided over by a Minister of the Crown to be termed a "Labor Minister." No political sop for Labor is now complete without some provision for this functionary. What he is to do, or can do, for Labor, nobody ever explains, or indeed knows, but his existence gratifies the workingmen and seems to dignify manual toil in the eyes of the community; besides which, the place is pretty sure to be filled by a laborer. The only service a Labor Department can render or has rendered the laborer anywhere is the collection of information about wages and strikes, as in the instance of our State Commission. More than this the Government cannot do for the laborer without either depriving him of a portion of his individual freedom by enacting such measures as a compulsory eight-hour law, or giving him, or compelling some one else to give him, money which he has not earned. The mischief which all such schemes do, lies in the support they give to that unfortunate superstition of the modern laborer, that the "State" has somewhere a reservoir of wisdom and of cash which it can, if the rich and well-to-do will let it, draw on at any time for a sudden and immense alleviation of the lot of the sons and daughters of toil. That this superstition will not disappear from the modern world without the trial of some very disastrous experiments, is greatly to be feared.

Both of the English parties may now be said to have made their final appeal to the constituencies. Their programmes differ only with regard to the Welsh Church and Home Rule With regard to all other topics they go to the country on their respective reputations for sincerity and real trust in popular capacity and good sense. What the Liberals anticipate from the general election, which will probably take place next spring, is a majority of about ninety, including the Irish. They do not believe they can with this carry a Home Rule Bill without having another dissolution forced on them by the House of Lords, but it will hardly do to dissolve again immediately. They will probably stay in office after a check on this question by the Lords, as they have often done before on other questions, but the delay will tell heavily on their leader. That is to say, the chances increase every day that Home Rule will be achieved, if ever, by other hands than Mr. Gladstone's.

THE CITY OF INITIATIVES.

PALERMO, November 13, 1891.

THIRTY-ONE years ago we left Palermo, literally a heap of ruins, with Garibaldi, for Milazzo. The indomitable islanders who first, in the year of revolutions, 1848, had thrown down the challenge to the Bourbons, "Reform or Revolution," had been crushed, not conquered. For the next ten years they gave their oppressors no peace. No reforms or constitutions would content them now, for they had realized the truth of Mazzini's teaching, that no part of Italy could be free or independent until the whole should be united. When Lombardy was freed by the French and Sardinian armies, and the rulers of Italy bethought themselves only of northern Italy, Sicily determined to "strike the blow" on her own account. Crispi, with a halter round his neck, twice traversed the entire island, promising that if the people took the initiative, their Italian brothers would come to the rescue. They rose in arms and were partly subdued. The conspiracy of the Gancia was discovered, the conspirators executed. Then the bands took to the mountains, and Rosalino Pilo landed in a little fishing-boat, and sent the fiery cross throughout the country with the tidings, "Garibaldi is on the way to rescue." Then Garibaldi landed at Marsala, fought his way up by Calatafimi, dashing in with his red shirts, and Picciotti, crossing the Admiral's Bridge to beard the lion in his den; and all the people rose to welcome him, improvising barricades, defying the troops in the fortresses and in all their positions. Then followed the cruel, useless bombardment, then the surrender, and Palermo in ruins acclaimed the dictator, and at his bid-

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ding proclaimed Victor Emanuel King of United Italy, with Rome for capital.

But Garibaldi had the Neapolitan continent yet to free, so that Sicily was left to herself for a time; the flower of her youth of all classes joining him on the continent to free their Neapolitan brothers, from whom they had received little kindness nor, it must be confessed, much gratitude for their services. The Plébiscite confirmed the will of the islanders to form part of united Italy, but for many a long year the moral unification was a desideratum. The Moderate party, who held the reins of government for sixteen years, understood nothing of the nature of the people. The Garibaldian leaders were all expelled; the Sicilians who had taken part in the revolution were looked on as revolutionists pure and simple. The island was filled with soldiery, and the law of conscription, which the Bourbons had never dared to apply, was most harshly enforced. The Bourbon rulers had treated Sicily as a conquered people: no roads, no railroads, no schools; the misery was frightful. The new rulers did nothing for the alleviation of misery or for the amelioration of the economical and social condition of the priest-ridden populations. In 1862, when Garibaldi again landed in Sicily, and made Palermo his headquarters for the campaign to oust the French from Rome, the islanders answered to his call, and for this crime they were made to pay heavily in the following years. Martial law was proclaimed, citizens were shot without trial, the prisons were crowded, the law of suspects was applied without investigation, hundreds were deported to certain places, and in the chief towns civil and military authority was invested in the same person. In 1866, when the law for the sequestration of ecclesiastical property was passed, the religious orders and numbers of their adherents formed a conspiracy which very nearly succeeded; but the dread of destroying unity brought out the best qualities of the people, who rallied round the authorities and saved the city from bloodshed.

The Marquis di Rudini, now Prime Minister, was then syndic of the city of Palermo, and then, a young man of thirty, he made his mark. That was the time for the governors of Italy to have studied the nature of the people and to have held out the olive branch. But it was an *à priori* conviction with them that Sicily could be governed only with "blood and iron." So things went from bad to worse until, in 1875, the last Moderate Ministry brought in a bill for the grant by Parliament of fresh exceptional laws; Cantelli, the Home Minister, affirming that Sicily was ungovernable by any ordinary law. He informed the House that at that moment there were 152,000 persons subject to special surveillance by the police, besides the numbers in prison condemned or awaiting their trial. The fourteen articles of the law proposed were modelled on the English coercion laws for Ireland, four of which were quoted as models. But the committee chosen to examine the law rejected it in toto. "What Sicily wants," was the conclusion, "is a rigid application of the common law. The island has ever been treated as a conquered State. Of all the grants made for roads, railroads, schools, Sicily has not had even a partial share. The agents of police are the scum of the old police force of the dethroned princes. The well-disposed inhabitants have no security that if they help the authorities to discover real malefactors, they will not become victims and be left to fight their own battles."

The law was rejected, and in the following year the Ministry fell. Nicotera, the survivor of Pisacane's expedition, "the wounded of Sapri, the galley-slave of Favignana," was the first Home Minister of the Liberal party, Depretis being Premier. Whatever other defects he may have had, as a firm administrator of law and justice he has never had a rival. While he set himself to extirpate the Camorra in Naples and the Mafia in Sicily, he infused such confidence in the law-abiding and order-loving citizens that they rallied at once to his side. He chose an energetic prefect, Malusardi, who broke entirely with the system of ignoring lawlessness in high places and punishing it only when discovered in the lower ranks of society. When he entered on his functions, the proprietors of villas and estates in the country round Palermo dared not visit them for fear of blackmail being levied, with the alternative of being seized and kept in caves or grottoes until the sum demanded was paid down. He succeeded in arresting the chiefs of most of the bands, discovered who were the *manutengoli* (the go-betweens), and whether they were such from willing consent or through fear. The former were first admonished, then, if they continued in their evil practices, were arrested; the latter were protected and encouraged. In a couple of years the city and the neighborhood were restored to a normal state. The city revived from that hour. Political parties and administrative factions still rage in Palermo, as unfortunately elsewhere in Italy, but, be it said to the honor of the people, all the administrators of the city's finances and affairs have had the welfare of the citizens at heart, and have not wasted the substance of the commonwealth in corrupt speculations or in works of useless decoration. The result is that Palermo is transformed—cleansed, sanified, and at the same time beautified.

I arrived here some days since after a brief sojourn at Naples, about which city I prefer to write on my return, as at present it is "under the ban"—that is, the municipal council was dissolved some time since, and a royal commissary appointed. Most of the public institutions are undergoing "inspection and inquiry," so that in this abnormal condition of affairs it is hardly fair to speak in the terms of blame and deprecation which alone could be used. I will only say that all that Pasquale Villari wrote about the so-called works of sanitation is inadequate to express the horror with which the state of the wretched inhabitants inspired us. The money voted by the country for the poor of Naples has been applied entirely to the construction of fresh streets and palatial residences for the well-to-do classes. The Porto Pendino and other quarters have been partly destroyed to make room for the new streets and buildings, but not a single house that the poor people expelled can pay for has been built in the quarters where they have their occupations; hence all the *fondaci* and the *bassi*—cellars, dens, and dog-kennels—of which so much was written at the time of the cholera, are now doubly crowded by the poor wretches expelled elsewhere. The filth, the stench, the misery, therefore, is doubled. All this happens from the insane system adopted by the municipality of contracting with a society of mere speculators, who, of course, have looked after their own interests and cannot be blamed for so doing. However, the term of the royal commissary's authority does not expire till next month. The Government has still some power over the Society, and even when the next municipality is elected, "something may yet be done." So we will wait and hope, and report progress or regress after our Sicilian tour.

Here in Palermo a quite other system is adopted. Here, as in Naples, the cholera made sad ravages, especially in the poorer quarters of the city, and here it was decided that disembowelling (*sventrimento*) and a thorough reform of sanitary arrangements was necessary. But Palermo is so little visited and so little known to the rest of Italy that no national gift was proposed for her benefit. Simply the commune was authorized to contract a loan for thirty millions at 3 per cent. to be repaid in thirty years. Of this not six millions have yet been expended, and yet the whole city strikes you as having been rebuilt. So entirely is this the case that, after traversing it from the sea to the innermost recess of the golden shell, then, taking it by quarters, little can be recognized save the old Porta Felice, the *quattro cantoni*, the old Cassaro—now, of course, Victor Emanuel and Via Macqueda. All the old labyrinths of alleys and by-ways have disappeared, broad streets traverse the entire city from north to south, from east to west; and on either side palaces, houses of one, two, three (never more than four) stories are built or in process of building, or wide spaces are left for those who may choose to build in the future. Matters here are managed in this wise: The vast plan for sanification was laid out in 1886, and approved after many changes by the municipal council and modifications by the Government had been introduced. Then very gradually the municipality expropriated certain of the worst quarters, but only when sure that all the inhabitants could find house-room at the same prices, without being deported from the theatre of their daily work. This was not difficult to insure, as the municipality, availing itself of the law of 1885, which permits any unsanitary property to be taken and paid for at a certain price, gave orders for the demolition of the houses within a given period, then made no attempt to find "societies"—simply let on unlimited lease the ground-soil to private individuals, or (as in most cases) sold it. Here there have been no huge *società edilizie* running up jerry-built houses on borrowed capital, and, failing, leaving them unfinished. Simply private individuals have built for themselves, or for letting, such houses as they have thought fit; the municipality merely compelling them to keep in line and to build with decency. So sure do the purchasers feel of letting that they have often built splendid houses and rows of houses touching the back walls of the houses that are yet to be demolished, so that they shall be dry and habitable by the time the expropriation shall be carried into effect. At the present moment house-rents have fallen in Palermo, as there is more than abundant house-room for all. This is good for the public if bad for the builders.

Whenever the municipality has desired to attract the poor to a certain spot, they have built and opened an elementary school, and this more even than a church attracts the very poorest classes. This is one of the most hopeful signs in Palermo. I have not yet visited any of the town schools, but have spent long afternoons at the different *asili rurali* (infant schools) in the outskirts of Palermo. This is quite a new feature for the country. In the "good old times" the street Arabs even of the city were left to run wild, half-naked, and uncared for; as for the children of the outskirts, I never saw such specimens of 'cute, quick, starved childhood as were gathered into the Garibaldi Institute by Al-

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berto Mario and made soldiers of in a trice. This Institution was destroyed by some Piedmontese hater of the "Nice cabin boy." Now into these *asili* they come in crowds at eight o'clock in the morning, and are kept there till four or five in the afternoon. The only obligation is that they shall have white pinafores, no matter how much mended if clean and not in holes. The nine *asili* are maintained by private charity, so that there are no fixed funds, and the "soup" which forms the essential feature of the Neapolitan infant-schools cannot be provided. Surprising to relate, all the children are provided by their parents with sufficient bread and some sort of *companatico*, a tomato, an apple, a bit of cheese; and, now the oranges are ripening, the much-cherished fruit is eagerly devoured. At worst, they have the *fichi d'India* (prickly pears) in abundance, and as all the children are of parents who belong to the fisherman or peasant or common working class, they get a hot meal at home when the day's work is done, of maccaroni and beans or some other vegetable; on Sundays, maccaroni and *sugo*, sauce made of tomatoes and onions. They look healthy and are of normal size for their respective ages; there is none of the servility, "the kiss-your-hand fashion," of Naples. Some of these schools have three or four or even five elementary classes, into which the children pass from the *asili*; and in the Educatorio Whitaker there are five hundred children and a normal school for the education of schoolmistresses, all Sicilian, with an addition of a class for Froebel's system. This was founded by the nephews of the famous Ingham of Marsala renown, and is now in a flourishing condition, only more funds are necessary.

It is wonderful, here as in Naples, what private charity does and can effect. There the industrial schools founded by Casanova are growing more perfect every year. There the hospital for poor children condemned to undergo surgical operations is a model unsurpassed in London, and the Ecce Homo, once a disorderly brothel for oblates, now transformed into a home and industrial school for orphaned girls left homeless by the cholera, is already a thriving institution. But in Naples the public charities are in a deplorable state. Here we have yet to visit them. Meanwhile one is cheered and hopeful to see that in this most important part of the social programme the well-to-do portion of the citizens are doing their part right well and earnestly. They are only awaiting the coming of Queen Margaret to inaugurate a magnificent hospital for poor children and an institute for the education of the blind. On the whole, Palermo is, by far, the cleanest, brightest, most thriving city that I have visited for a long time. The taxes are high, but the municipal budget balances itself, work is abundant and well-paid, and Palermo has effected all these reforms by her own unaided perseverance. Garibaldi rightly named the city of his love "the City of Initiatives."

November 14.—I thought I would not close this letter till I had seen the arrival of their Majesties, whose visits to the island are so few and far between (the last was in 1881). Never, to say the truth, have I seen such a welcome accorded to royalty in Italy or elsewhere. That the Sicilians, or at any rate the Palermitans, are all for a constitutional monarch I was aware—no republican propaganda has ever taken root here; but the rapture of the greeting given passes expression. For the last month nothing else has been talked of save the coming of the sovereigns for the opening of the Exposition. Fabulous sums have been spent by the ladies in toilettes for the reception of her Majesty; the dressmakers and the modistes have been working night and day. But what is more touching by far is that the poorest woman "made Saturday" on Friday in her honor. I had no idea how clean the poorest people are until my late "slumming" here. On Saturdays they clean everything and scrub their one-roomed tiled or brick floor like an Anglo-Saxon housewife. "*Fare il sabbato*" (to make Saturday) is a Sicilian proverb for doing a thing thoroughly. So yesterday, to be free for the sight of the royal heads, all cleaned their houses a day earlier.

At first a very official reception was arranged, with all the troops turned out on the sea-wall. One of the daintiest ladies of an old aristocratic house said to me, "What a pity! If Palermo is left in the hands of the people, there will be the most perfect order and a most hearty welcome, but the people turn restive at the sight of troops and police." I happened to be at the Prefect's when the Commander General of the troops stationed in Palermo came in and read a telegram from the King expressly ordaining that there should be no troops whatsoever. The General looked at the Prefect and the Prefect looked at the General, but a member of the aristocracy and a municipal assessor who were present said, "Wise King Humbert! He seems to know our people!" I must confess that I thought of the attempt made on Humbert by Passamante, and the torrents of blame that were poured on Cairoli's head in 1878, but I wronged Palermo in the thought.

Before dawn all the citizens were on foot, the landing place was bowered with greenery, all ugly corners hidden in flowers and leaves. The old Garibaldians claimed the first place, and, dressed in their red shirts and caps, all with medals, they took their posts at seven A. M. I wandered in and out all down the Corso Vittorio Emanuele. Not a window but had its flag (all bear the white cross now), its magnificent old tapestry or modest drapery—here the names of the King, Queen, and Prince worked in flowers; there some emblem of welcome. And every window and balcony was occupied. The people had taken possession of every lamp, cornice, grating, and of the sea-wall. Eight, nine, ten struck, and every now and then the salutes fired filled the spectators with hope that the longed-for were coming; but not a sign of impatience or weariness, not a shout nor a cry. One used to the noise and restlessness of Naples can hardly understand this grave, serious, yet intensely enthusiastic people.

In order to see properly, we footed it, with a carriage in reserve. Though the *America* was sighted at half-past nine off Monte Pellegrino, two hours passed before the landing was really made. The sea and land blended in a crowd of heads. The municipal bark, with the meritorious syndic, Senator Emanuele Paternò, and the Prince of Camporeale, the President of the Exposition Committee, went off, and as the *America* cast anchor a salvo of welcome poured out from the fort of Castellamare and the ships of all nations anchored in the bay; then one deep, prolonged *evviva*, and the sovereigns stepped on shore. Here the ladies of Palermo in fresh, rich morning toilets, with Signora Paternò Vassallo, wife of the syndic, presented the Queen with a splendid bouquet of flowers such as Palermo only can produce. The Prince of Naples offered his arm to the mayoress, and Humbert, bowing right and left, looking well and pleased, took the bouquet from the Queen and handed her into the carriage. The Garibaldians, in their red shirts and medals, followed immediately as guard of honor—a fitting escort for the son of the King who from their *Duce* received two kingdoms as a gift. Then the workingmen's societies, with their respective flags and mottoes; then, pell-mell, "all the world"—all Palermo certainly, and hundreds of visitors from every part of Italy: Senators, Deputies, all the provincial authorities, etc. The order was simply perfect, and the *evvivas*, continued as they were, did not stun one as often elsewhere. The crowd separated either side the royal carriage so that the procession through the streets went at an ordinary pace. Taking a carriage, we reached the royal palace on whose balcony we last stood with Garibaldi, and there the crowd seemed to exceed that on the quay and in the streets. Here there was slight confusion, and four of the Garibaldians, in keeping the ranks, were thrown down and, I fear, hurt. At the foot of the staircase stood the clergy of the Palatine Chapel and Monsignore Di Marzo (I noted that the Cathedral is decked for the morrow's service). As their Majesties appeared on the balcony, one shout re-echoed from the enormous piazza, "Viva il Re! Viva la Regina! Viva il Principe di Napoli!" The King has been moving about Palermo all day long, has visited the Exposition and expressed himself delighted with his reception, as well he may be! I attach little importance to royal visits in general, but this one is significant. All the other cities of Italy are the resorts of the King and the Queen—Naples most of all; but Palermo, not to speak of the rest of the island, has been forgotten, ignored, neglected. Now continental Italy will see that Palermo is one of the first, best, most orderly and progressive cities of the new kingdom, and it may be that the island will have justice done at last.

I close before the inauguration of the exhibition takes place, as those ceremonies are all alike. Their Majesties will not be able to see much, as most of the galleries are in confusion, but this was unavoidable, since, if the opening had been delayed, the opening of Parliament would have taken place first, and the Ministers could not have accompanied the King. Crispi is still the idol of the Palermitans, but they are prepared to give a hearty welcome to Di Rudini, their own citizen and Deputy, and to Nicotera, who spent three years in the dungeons of Favignana on their coasts, and who, again Minister of the Interior, must be well satisfied with the aspect of the city which he delivered from the horrors of coercion. J. W. M.

MARBOT IN THE SAXON CAMPAIGN.

PARIS, November 13, 1891.

NAPOLEON, when he left the army during the retreat from Russia, gave the command of it to Murat, "who, in these circumstances, showed himself inferior to his task." It must be confessed that the cold paralyzed almost every will; there was no discipline left; every morning thousands of dying soldiers were abandoned in the camps chosen for the night. Some colonels, Marbot among them, organized a sort of brigandage: they sent expeditions into the villages, which brought back cattle, salt meat, flour. Marbot gives curious examples of the effect of the intense cold which began in December. A division, composed of 12,000 conscripts, had left Wilna and joined the army. The transition from the well-warmed barracks to the field was fatal to it; the division was almost completely destroyed. "The cold produced even more terrible effects on 200 Neapolitan cavaliers of King Murat's Guard. They came to meet us after having long sojourned in Wilna: they *all* died the first night they slept

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on the snow." The Germans, Italians, Spaniards, Czechs deserted and took refuge in the villages. The retreat was, in one sense, easier than could have been expected, as the Russians, accustomed to their warm *izbas*, suffered quite as much as, if not more than, the invaders; Kutuzoff contented himself with following the French army at some distance with a feeble vanguard. The Cossacks alone rode round the army, but they were easily repulsed. On the 13th of December, Marbot saw again the Niemen at Kovno, the last Russian city. How different did the French look from what they were five months before! They were now in Prussia, and Prussia was still an ally; the inhabitants treated the French soldiers kindly. Marbot slept in a bed, and the transition made him ill. Almost all the officers became ill in the same way from the same cause.

Marbot has a chapter on the causes of the disasters of the Russian campaign. He attributes them chiefly to our want of interpreters and complete ignorance of the Russian language; to the blind confidence of the Emperor in the fidelity of his allies; to the belief, which Napoleon entertained too long, that he should bring Alexander to terms, and dictate articles of peace in Moscow. He attaches little, if any, influence to the burning of Moscow; the destruction of that city was not so complete that there did not remain churches, barracks, palaces, and houses enough for a whole army; there was also an immense amount of provisions. The losses of the grand army in the Russian campaign were enormous but have sometimes been exaggerated. Three hundred and twenty-five thousand nine hundred men had crossed the Niemen (155,400 Frenchmen and 170,500 allies). In February, 1813, 60,000 Frenchmen recrossed the Niemen; 30,000 prisoners had remained in Russia, who only returned to France after the peace of 1814. The total loss of the Frenchmen was therefore 65,000 dead. Marbot preserved his regiment with so much care that out of 1,048 men who had entered Russia he lost only 355, and he could, in February, 1813, show at Dresden 693 men who had all made the Russian campaign. This exceptional number was noticed by Napoleon, who paid great compliments to the Colonel of the Twenty-third Chasseurs.

Napoleon had to make exceptional and even illegal levies to place his army again on a war footing; he made a great mistake in leaving about 70,000 men in the garrisons of the German cities, which he was unwilling to abandon, but which he could not hope to keep if he was not victorious in the open field. Marbot joined his dépôt at Mons, in Belgium, and reconstituted rapidly several squadrons. He joined his regiment again only after the battles of Lützen and of Bautzen. The French army had never been finer. The navy had given splendid men to Napoleon, and he had besides taken men from the gendarmerie, but, on the other hand, all the allied troops were on the point of abandoning the cause of France.

"Napoleon," says Marbot, "ought to have treated with his adversaries, and, before all, ought to have conciliated his father-in-law, the Emperor of Austria, by giving back to him Dalmatia, Istria, Tyrol, and a part of the other provinces which had been conquered in 1805 and 1809. Some concessions made to Prussia would have calmed the allies, who, it seems, offered to give back the French colonies and to guarantee him all the provinces as far as the Rhine and the Alps, as well as upper Italy; but they expected him to relinquish Spain, Poland, Naples, and Westphalia."

The Allies had an army three times as numerous as the army of Napoleon: he had 320,000 men in Germany; they had as many as 800,000. He would not treat on these terms; he dismissed Metternich, who had come to negotiate with him, with much arrogance. An immense circle was forming, however, round the French army; the armistice was broken as soon as the circle was complete, two days before the date fixed by the Convention. The Allies had cognizance of all the dispositions of Napoleon's army, through the treason of Jomini. Marbot is severe on Jomini, who was a Swiss, but whom Marshal Ney had protected, had made a French officer, and taken as an aide-de-camp, and who, through Ney's influence, as well as by his own talent, had rapidly become a general. Jomini went over to the Russians, taking with him all the notes relative to the opening campaign and the disposition of the French army. It was by his advice that Alexander, who took him as an aide-de-camp, opened hostilities two days before the day fixed for the rupture of the armistice. The Emperor inflicted a defeat on Blucher on three successive days, and forced him to retire behind the Katzbach, when, learning that the army of Schwartzenberg, 200,000 strong, was entering Saxony, he marched rapidly on Dresden, which was occupied by Saint-Cyr.

Marbot gives an account of the battles of the 26th and 27th of August, before Dresden. The Allies were obliged to retreat; on the second day they had lost as many as 20,000 men, killed or wounded, and 20,000 prisoners. Schwartzenberg was retreating towards Teplitz in Bohemia. Unfortunately, Vandamme, who pursued the retreating enemy, found himself confronted at Kulm by overwhelming forces; he refused to surrender, and was himself made prisoner. The battle of Kulm cost the French 2,000 men, killed or wounded, and 8,000 prisoners; 10,000 men succeeded in escaping from Kulm. Saint-Cyr and Mortier, who were at Dresden, ought to have helped Vandamme; their inaction was the cause of his defeat. At the same moment, Oudinot suffered a defeat at Gross-Beeren, and Macdonald on the Katzbach. Napoleon's victory at Dresden thus became useless. Marbot played his part, with his usual bravery, on the Katzbach; he gives a very detailed and graphic account of this bloody encounter. The army of Napoleon lost at the battle of the Katzbach 13,000 men killed or drowned, 20,000 prisoners, and 50 guns. It was a great disaster. Macdonald, who was the cause of it, assumed the whole responsibility for it before his assembled generals and colonels. The army retreated on the Elbe. Marshal Ney was beaten at Jüterbogk by Bernadotte. For a fortnight the French army remained round Dresden; Marbot camped at Pilnitz, and while he was there, he saw the first Tartars and Bashkirs, armed only with bows and arrows, who had come to join the Russian army. Napoleon one day visited Marbot's regiment. "I was getting ready to shave in the open air, before a small glass nailed on a tree, when I felt somebody touch my shoulder. . . . As I was in the midst of my regiment, I turned rapidly, wondering who could presume on such familiarity with the Colonel. I saw the Emperor, who had come in a postchaise with a single aide-de-camp." Napoleon wanted to examine the position; he wished also to examine some Bashkir prisoners.

On the 28th of September Napoleon passed in review Marbot's corps, and on this occasion he made him an officer of the Legion of Honor, a baron, and gave him a *dotation*. He praised Marbot's regiment, and said it was the only one which kept in good order at the Katzbach, which took guns from the enemy, and repulsed the Prussians wherever it found them. The army slowly concentrated round Leipzig, and the Allies took the same direction. The Emperor arrived in that city on the 15th of October. Deaf to the advice of the King of Würtemberg, who was the most faithful of his allies, Napoleon resolved to give battle, and not to effect his retreat towards the Thüringer-Wald and Hesse, a mountainous country where defence was easy. The King of Würtemberg did not conceal from the Emperor the fact that the movement of the German people had become irresistible, and that he would soon be obliged himself to fall in with it. The King of Bavaria sided with the Allies, and his army had marched already on the Rhine. When Napoleon heard of it, it was too late; he had with him 157,000 men, and he had to fight Schwartzenberg who had 350,000 men.

The battles round Leipzig were terrible struggles. Marbot, before they took place, was camped near an ancient Swedish earthen redoubt, on the Kelmberg. One night, he saw three men on horseback on the Kelmberg, and was near enough to hear their conversation: one of them told the others that there were no Frenchmen in sight, and that "their Majesties" might approach. Marbot, and those who were on the watch with him, soon saw about twenty people on the Kelmberg. Marbot was already hoping to make the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia prisoners, when one of his soldiers imprudently fired a shot and killed a Prussian major in the midst of the group on the Kelmberg. Immediately their Majesties and their suite disappeared at full gallop. The battle began the next morning; it lasted three days. On the 18th, the Saxons turned against the French, in the midst of the battle. Bernadotte opened his ranks to them and immediately turned their artillery against us. During those fatal days, Marbot received in the thigh an arrow which was four feet long; he had it extracted immediately and did not leave his regiment, even for a moment.

Napoleon was forced to retreat after the battles of Leipzig. He had very little ammunition left; he had lost 40,000 men, killed or wounded; the enemy had lost 60,000. The bridge over the Ulster was blown up too soon, and the French army was cut in two. This was a terrible disaster—worse than the three days' battle. I cannot follow Marbot in all the details of the retreat of his regiment; he was never more brave and active. I must refer the reader to Marbot's own book. The end of this third volume of his Memoirs, which, alas, is the last, is sad. Napoleon, when the campaign of 1813 was over, had lost all Germany, all Spain, the greater part of Italy; and the army of Wellington, which had crossed the Pyrenees, was camping on French territory. Marbot speaks rapidly of the invasion of France by the Allies; the subject was too painful for him, for he was really attached to the Emperor. His book ends thus: "The cause of Napoleon was now lost [alluding to the proclamation of the Bourbons by the Senate], though his adherents were infinitely more numerous than those of Louis XVIII., as the event proved in the following year."

Correspondence.

THE EARTHQUAKE IN JAPAN.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your readers have by this time received full telegraphic news o the destruction and

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ruin caused by the recent terrible earthquake in central Japan. At the present writing it seems that some 80,000 houses are destroyed and about 8,000 people killed. The number of people left homeless reaches far above 300,000. Doubtless there have been funds started in the United States for the relief of the sufferers. My object in writing this brief note is to urge upon those disposed to give, the great need of sending as much relief as may be. The particular feature of the calamity is not merely the loss of homes, but the destruction of means of livelihood. The most prosperous potteries in Japan have been laid in ruins. Dikes and irrigation works must be rebuilt before agriculture can be resumed with safety.

The result is, that for months to come a large portion of the people will be without any income from their occupations, even supposing they are able to borrow funds for rebuilding. Besides this, it must be understood that Japan is a poor country as compared with America. There is not enough to spare, however charitably disposed her people may be, to give adequate relief to their fellow-countrymen. It is to be hoped that the people of the United States will come to the aid of Japan. A dollar will go a long way here; it will keep twenty-five people alive for one day; and every dollar sent here will tell. I dare say that the Mission Boards will all forward contributions of clothes (winter) and money. If one desires to send direct, the best address would be "O. Keil, Secretary Yokohama Chamber of Commerc Yokohama, Japan."

Sincerely yours, J. H. W.

TOKIO, November 9, 1891.

PATRICK EGAN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I do not doubt that Patrick Egan has adopted a mistaken policy, and that his having been accredited to Chili has been a misfortune for that country, the United States, and his own reputation as a public man. But I must ask to be permitted to protest against your using such expressions regarding him as "illiterate foreign adventurer," his "not even [having] a decent English education, nor any large business experience," etc. I knew Mr. Egan for the twelve years previous to his leaving Ireland, and had a high opinion of him. He conducted an extensive business in Dublin, and was esteemed even by political opponents as an upright, straightforward man. There was nothing about him to lead me to suppose he was less literate than the majority of us who have not received a university education. I have always maintained that he was right and justified in leaving Ireland. He had had, as Treasurer of the Land League, the handling of large sums of money under circumstances which rendered it impossible for him to guard the directions in which some of it may have drifted. Considering the then temper of the Government, and the state of public feeling in England after the murder of the Secretaries, and the ease with which juries of men prepared to believe anything could be packed, his liberty was not worth a day's purchase. The *Times* Commission afterwards proved that nothing really could have been urged against him. The vast majority of Irishmen feel that they owe him an eternal debt of gratitude for the probity and self-abnegation displayed in his management of the money affairs of the League. Nor can they forget that the unmasking of the Pigott forgeries was due almost entirely to his business regularity and foresight in preserving sundry of Pigott's letters to him.

Our trained diplomatic service may have its advantages; nevertheless, in foreign relations you appear to come off as smoothly upon the whole as we do. The spoils system on either side of the Atlantic is, of course, to be condemned. Nor does it appear to me becoming that a great country like the United States should be represented by one who has but lately become a citizen. From what I have read from time to time in your columns, I should, however, suppose that you have often been represented abroad by men far less qualified as diplomatists than Mr. Egan.

Very sincerely yours, ALFRED WEBB.

DUBLIN, November 19, 1891.

MR. WARNER'S "EVIDENCE IN FULL" COMPLETED.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your last week's issue, Mr. J. B. Warner professes to give the "evidence in full" respecting Prof. Royce's suppression of my reply to his (the latter's) avowed "attack." The long letter he publishes as "evidence" on this point is evidence of nothing but the lawyer's attempt to put forward his own baseless assumptions in his client's behalf as if they were assured facts. The adroit assumption in this case is, that the "language" of my suppressed reply was improper, and justified exclusion of the reply from the *Journal of Ethics*. This assumption I deny with vigor; and, what is more telling than any denial of mine, Dr. Adler and Dr. Royce, as editors of the *Journal*, denied it themselves, when at first they both accepted the reply for publication, had it put in type, and sent me proofs both of the reply and of Dr. Royce's rejoinder to it. The subsequent rejection of my reply, under Mr. Warner's advice, cannot undo the effect of their previous sanction of it as *perfectly fit for publication*.

But the "evidence in full" on this point cannot be given without showing, by actual quotation, what really was the "language" to which Mr. Warner so unreasonably objected. I have no right to ask you to devote much space to such quotation; but, relying on your well-known fairness, I must ask leave to cite, as a fair specimen of the "language" objected to, the opening of the suppressed reply. The passages here italicised were marked by Dr. Royce himself as the grounds upon which he and his lawyer based their threat of prosecution and their suppression of the reply itself. It will be perfectly clear to any fair-minded man that they were aiming to force me either to concede that Dr. Royce's original article was a legitimate criticism, or else to lose all opportunity of being heard in self-defence.

That his article was a libel, and not a fair criticism at all, has been proved in my pamphlet beyond all possibility of a successful reply; and the reader, bearing this in mind, will judge for himself whether the "language" as such, or whether the effort to defend myself against the libel, was the real ground of Mr. Warner's threatening letter. The following passage from the suppressed reply is a fair sample of its "language" throughout:

"The mere fact that, in the *International Journal of Ethics* for last October, there appeared a hostile review of my book entitled 'The Way Out of Agnosticism,' by Dr. Josiah Royce, assistant professor of philosophy in Harvard College, would not induce me to break my uniform custom of silence in such cases, were it not that Dr. Royce *oversteps the limits of legitimate literary criticism, throws out personal accusations of a slanderous nature, and resorts to empty and undignified official denunciation* in order to flank indirectly a philosophical position which he has not ventured openly to assail. *His mode of attack is a marked case of 'reversion' to controversial methods which, common enough some centuries ago, are happily going out of use to-day. Dr. Royce presumes to accuse me, falsely and injuriously*, of 'frequently making, of late, extravagant pretensions as to the originality and profundity of [my] still unpublished system of philosophy,' *and of 'sinning* against the most obvious demands of literary property rights'; and he even goes so far as to issue a solemn 'professional warning,' formally addressed to 'the liberal-minded public,' against myself as a philosophical thinker and author. Such tactics as these *are unknown among reputable literary men. They are justified by no higher ethical principle than that which dictated the old pettifogger's advice to the young one: 'If you have no case, abuse the counsel on the other side.'*

"This paper, therefore, is written *as a reply, not to a critique, but to a libel.* If I notice below what Dr. Royce puts forward as 'criticisms,' it is not because they deserve to be noticed as such, but solely because they are made to serve as the ostensible warrant and support of *his libellous 'professional warning.' And the only reason why I make my defence in these columns is that, believing the 'liberal minded public' to be a just judge, I have greater confidence in the court of reason than I have in the courts of law.*

"When civil-service reformers plead the urgent necessity of political reform, they are irrelevantly charged by the adherents of the spoils system with being 'hypocrites and pharisees.' Precisely so, when I plead the urgent necessity of philosophical reform, *I am irrelevantly charged by Dr. Royce, in effect, with being a false pretender, a plagiarist, and an impostor.* The charge is just as true in one case as in the other. But, be the charge true or untrue, the attention of keen and candid minds is not to be diverted by this perfectly transparent device from the main point of reform. In both cases, interests more important than any personal reputation are at stake; and loyalty to interests more important than my own reputation requires me *now to expose Dr. Royce's endeavor to divert attention by irrelevant, useless, and utterly unprovoked vituperation from the main point of philosophical reform.*"

Will any fair man say that the "language" here used is other than temperate, dignified, and parliamentary?— I protest against Mr. Warner's attempt to misrepresent the character of my "language," as improper in any degree. A libelled citizen has a right to defend himself against the libel; and, when Dr. Royce blew his bugle-blast of defiance, "We must show no mercy, as we ask none," he deprived himself of all excuse, in the eyes of men who prize the good old English principle of fair play, for seeking refuge behind a menace of prosecution. And here I must express my surprise at Mr. Warner's statement that "Prof. Royce sought my advice in consequence of threats of a law-suit from Dr. Abbot." I never threatened Dr. Royce with a law-suit at all.

FRANCIS E. ABBOT.

CAMBRIDGE, November 23, 1891.

[We cannot print any more letters respecting this controversy.—ED. NATION.]

ROSSETTI'S FRANCESCA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In an interesting review of Mr. Norton's translation of the "Inferno" which appeared in the *Nation* for November 5, I find no mention of Dante Gabriel Rossetti's version of the celebrated Francesca di Rimini passage, though other and (as I think) inferior metrical versions are quoted in comparison with the prose. Nor, indeed, am I sure that Rossetti's has ever had adequate publication; I myself only know it from its being quoted in a lecture on Dante by Mr. William Davies of Rome, a friend of Rossetti's. It is not to be found, I am

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told, in Rossetti's complete works. The passage begins:

Quando risposi, cominciai: o lasso . . .
(When I made answer, I began: alas . . .)

But, not to trespass upon your space, I will give only the lines quoted by your reviewer:

"One day we read for pastime and sweet cheer
Of Lancelot, how he found Love tyrannous:
We were alone and without any fear.
Our eyes were drawn together, reading thus,
Full oft, and still our cheeks would pale and glow;
But one sole point it was that conquered us,
For when we read of that great lover, how
He kissed the smile which he had longed to win—
Then he whom nought can sever from me now
For ever, kissed my mouth, all quivering.
A Galahalt was the book, and he that writ:
Upon that day we read no more therein."

Retaining the original form both in metre and rhyme, it is at the same time, I think, far more poetical and far more literal than the versions of Cary and Byron. Only a great poet, equally at home in the two languages, with an almost magical gift of giving an Italian grace and flavor to unexceptionable English, could accomplish such a *tour de force*. Even he, I suspect, could not have kept it up through the whole of the 'Commedia.' Still, one wishes he had tried.—Yours respectfully,

M. D.

"UNWELL."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In p. 337 you quote the Rev. Christopher Wordsworth as commenting that *unwell* is "said to have been coined by Horace Walpole." But my *Modern English* shows that, at least in its Scotch form, it was in existence long before Horace Walpole's time. Sir Thomas Urquhart wrote, in 1653:

"Whilst they were on this Discourse, and pleasant Tattle of drinking, Gargamelle began to be a little *unweil* in her lower Parts."—*Rabelais*, Book L., Ch. vi., in Vol. I., p. 19 (ed. 1694).

That *unwell* was formerly considered to be Hibernian appears from a letter of Lord Chesterfield's dated in 1755; and, in 1781, as I have elsewhere pointed out, William Cowper called it "the Irish term." However, Miss Elizabeth Carter used it in 1761 and 1764; and shortly afterwards, as could be evidenced, it became common enough. Coleridge has it in 1796, and Southey in 1797 and 1798. Yet, in the present century, it has been stigmatized as a "Yankeeism."

The verb *backen*, which also you remark on, is a familiar word here in Suffolk.

F. H.

Marlesford, England.

"GOD SAVE THE MARK!"

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: This exclamation occurs twice in Shakspere, and the almost identical "God bless the mark!" twice. The passages are:

"The Jew, my master, who (God bless the mark!) is a kind of devil" (*Mer. of V.*, ii. 2).
"Of guns, and drums, and wounds (God save the mark!)" (*1st Hen. IV.*, i. 3).
"And I (God bless the mark!) his Moorship's ancient" (*Othello*, i. 1).
"I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes—(God save the mark!)—here on his manly breast" (*Rom. and Jul.*, iii. 2).

The commentators all (so far as my reading goes) agree that no satisfactory explanation has been given of this phrase. One conjectures that it may have been an exclamation used in archery, and another that it may have some reference to the mark or cross used instead of a signature; but they neither show that it was ever so employed, nor do they point out the relevancy of such meanings in the passages cited.

If we put aside the use by *Iago*, where it seems merely an exclamation of contempt and disgust, we find that by the other speakers it seems to be used as a deprecatory formula accompanying the mention of something maleficent, as the devil, and wounds. In the passage last cited, the context, "*here*, on his manly breast," shows that the *Nurse* touches her own breast to indicate the exact place of *Tybalt's* wound; but, before touching it (or as she touches it) she says, "God save the mark!"

Now we know that in superstitious times men believed that they lived in a perpetual beleaguerment of malignant powers or demons, always on the watch to harm them in body or soul; and a careless act, word, or gesture might give a disastrous opening. Against such mishaps Christians were taught that the handiest prophylactic was the sign of the cross, which put all demons at once to flight. So I conceive that when the *Nurse* touches her breast she makes a cross upon it—"God save the mark!" being equivalent to "God protect from harm the place I now cross"; and this custom I surmise to have given origin to the phrase. As the English gave up the habit of crossing themselves, the original significance was gradually forgotten, until the phrase was used much as writers and speakers of the present day occasionally use it, without any idea of what it means or what they mean by it.

A curious passage in Petronius seems to support this view, and indeed gave me the notion of this explanation. Trimalchio is telling a story of witches yelling around a house in which a youth has just died. One of the family, a bold Cappadocian, draws his sword, rushes out of the house, "et mulierem, *tanquam hoc loco (salvum sit quod tango)*, mediam trajecit." Here Trimalchio evidently touches his own or his neighbor's body to indicate the spot where the witch was pierced, and uses at the same time a protective, or *averruncine*, formula to avert possible mischief.

Wm. Hand Browne.

Baltimore, November 23, 1891.

Notes.

G. P. Putnam's Sons' forthcoming publications include a sumptuous edition of Irving's 'Sketch Book'; 'Napoleon,' by W. O'Connor Morris, in the "Epochs of History Series"; the fourth volume of the Talleyrand Memoirs; 'Teufel, the Terrier,' by Charles Morley; and 'Improbable Tales,' by Clinton Ross.

'Letters of Charles Dickens to Wilkie Collins,' edited by Laurence Hutton; the 'Life of General Thomas J. Jackson ("Stonewall"),' by his wife, Mary Anna Jackson; 'From the Easy Chair,' selections by George William Curtis from his thirty years' store of papers in *Harper's Magazine*; 'Peter Ibbetson,' by George du Maurier; and 'Jasmin: Barber, Poet, Philanthropist,' by Samuel Smiles, are in the press of Harper & Bros.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will publish immediately 'Masterpieces of American Literature,' selected from thirteen authors.

D. C. Heath & Co. announce 'Business Law,' by Alonzo P. Weed.

The new London edition of the late Dr. Carpenter's 'The Microscope and its Revelations,' edited by Dr. Dallinger, will bear in this country the imprint of P. Blakiston, Son & Co., Philadelphia.

Two books for young men, 'Brave and True,' by Thain Davidson, D.D., and 'First Battles and How to Meet Them,' by Frederick A. Atkins, are to be issued by the Fleming H. Revell Co.

Mrs. Flora Haines Loughead has begun the serial publication of her own novels through C. A. Murdock & Co., San Francisco, 'The Man from Nowhere' leading off this "Gold Dust Series."

A History of the Holy Land, upon which Mrs. Oliphant has been engaged, is to be published by *Macmillan*, with illustrations from sketches made by Hamilton Aïdé.

Saxon & Co., London, have secured the rights of translation of a taking French story for boys, 'The Adventures of a Prehistoric Boy.' It is to be published in January, fully illustrated from designs by Félix Régamey.

The librarian of the Bodleian initiates the "Bodleian Facsimile Series" with a photolithograph of the unique and perfect 'Ars Moriendi' of 1491, either Caxton's or Wynken de Worde's production; and an historical tract printed in Rome in 1572, the year of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, describing the solemn procession in that city under the Pope's direction "per la felicissima noua destruttione della setta Vgonotana." These facsimiles will be marketed at a shilling each through B. Quaritch and the Clarendon Press Depository.

We learn from the *Academy* that the Shelley centenary will be marked by the offer of a monument of Shelley in marble and bronze, either to the nation or some public body, as the gift of Lady Shelley. The anniversary is also to be made the occasion of the publication of the Shelley Concordance by Mr. Ellis. The Shelley Society, for its part, proposes to repeat the performance of "The Cenci," but over this project there seems to hang some doubt.

Mr. William Hamilton Gibson's engravings of the delicate things of the roadside and the fields and streams have long charmed the eyes of those who appreciate either nature or the fine hand of art, and a few of them have been enough to make single numbers of a magazine rememberable. He has now given a royal abundance of these treasures of the graver in a thick volume, 'Sharp Eyes: A Rambler's Calendar of Fifty-two Weeks among Insects, Birds, and Flowers' (Harpers), which is illustrated with 275 cuts, many of them of marvellous truth of delicacy in rendering, and all full of the spirit of animate nature. There is a generous text besides, descriptive of the habits, aspects, and curiosities of minute life, the natural history of the summer grass and air; and the story is told so as especially to interest the sharp eyes of young people. A better book to develop the young naturalist out of the schoolboy could hardly be put into the hands of youth; but the marginal picture comment outweighs the text, and the eye is continually diverted from reading to look on the things themselves. The volume is luxuriously printed on heavy paper, and is an example of the best work of the press from which it proceeds.

Another nature volume which is mainly interesting from its illustrations is Mr. W. H. Downes's 'Arcadian Days: American Landscapes in Nature and Art' (Boston: Estes & Lauriat). The text is from the pen of an observer of landscape with the prepossessions of an artist, and flows along with great placidity and self-enjoyment, and not without some charm for the like-minded reader. The only distinctive trait it has is, that it pleads for our own landscape as the proper subject of American painting, and quite deserving of such regard; and with this end in view the author dwells on the picturesqueness and the various beauty of a higher sort which New England ways afford, from the farms to the seashore. The illustrations are by Mr. A. H. Bicknell, and though they lack character, as a rule, in

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several of them there are excellent simple effects, particularly of hillsides and roads. As a whole, they are too sketchy and rudely done to support Mr. Downes's suggestion as to the Americanization of our landscape art so forcibly as would have been desirable.

Estes & Lauriat renew this year their well-known line of reprints of classic works, illustrated with tinted photogravures or gelatine prints. In two volumes each they present Bulwer Lytton's 'Rienzi' and 'Last Days of Pompeii,' in the faultless typography of the University Press, Cambridge, with fifty plates respectively, appropriate to the text. Those which are not ideal restorations in the case of Pompeii have been specially made from views taken on the spot. Some of the Roman views, too, are evidently of recent date, and so are creditable to the publishers' enterprise, though one might have preferred glimpses of the state of the Forum, for instance, as nearly contemporary with the age of Rienzi as possible. The covers of both books are elaborately designed with strong color contrasts in good taste. A companion undertaking, in one volume of a larger size, is Scott's 'Lady of the Lake,' from the same press, and adorned in its turn with twenty-five plates, all scenic, and many of them fine. It is needless to say more than that here are three extremely attractive and sensible gift-books.

Mr. Harrison S. Morris edits a collection of poems of the sea and the seashore under the title Where Meadows Meet the Sea: A Collection of Sea Songs and Pastoral Lays' (Philadelphia: Lippincott). This is illustrated with twelve cuts by F. F. English, which reproduce in a simple way characteristic seashore scenes. The anthology itself is excellent, including nearly 150 poems from the best writers of this century, both English and American. America, it is true, is represented mainly by Walt Whitman, whose work in the comparison declares itself as not poetry, but nevertheless expresses with romantic feeling and occasional power characteristic traits of the ocean. The pieces of little merit are comparatively few, and the body of the volume is of high excellence.

Two pretty companion gift books in white and gold, 'Roses of Romance' and 'Flowers of Fancy,' are issued by Roberts Brothers of Boston, with illustrations by Edmund H. Garrett. The first volume is from Keats, and includes "La Belle Dame sans Merci," "Isabelle," "The Eve of St. Agnes," and "Lamia"; the second is Shelley's, made up of the "Cloud," "Skylark," "West Wind," and "The Sensitive Plant" and "Witch of Atlas." Nothing could be better than such texts, but the illustrations in their turn reach an equal degree of inferiority, being superlatively tasteless in design and slovenly in execution. Such work as the cut figuring the Witch of Atlas as "Arion on the dolphin's back" ought to be impossible at this late day.

Mr. Brander Matthews has done a service to students of the drama and of the history of the British theatre by collecting in a tasteful volume the 'Dramatic Essays of Charles Lamb' (Dodd, Mead & Co.), in which the scattered criticism and portraiture of that most conversable of essayists on the stage are gathered and set by themselves with excellent effect. Mr. Matthews leads off with a pleasant essay of his own—a task of difficulty, since one must hit a peculiar tone of felicitous agreeableness if his pen is to keep company with Lamb's and not suffer; but he has written admirably, and is at the same time light in touch, frankly critical, and sincerely appreciative. He places Lamb, as a writer on the theatre, with Colley Cibber, and declares the two without rivals. He shows the deficiencies of Lamb as a dramatic author in his own attempts, but speaks of the "damned piece," "Mr. H.," with more goodwill than it has hitherto met with, and takes an unctuous pleasure in recalling the fact that the farce was acted in Philadelphia by Mr. Wood's company in 1812 "with extraordinary success." Here is another instance, he evidently means to say, of the superior appreciation of an English author by our countrymen. The entire essay is interesting, and is characterized by that union of practical knowledge with the literary instinct which papers on theatrical subjects are usually most lacking in; and the volume as a whole appeals as much to lovers of the stage as to students of literature—perhaps more.

Mr. Hogg's 'Uncollected Writings of De Quincy,' previously noticed, is issued in a second edition by Macmillan.

Oriental reinforcement of Christmas enjoyment seems to be in order, even though coming from so distant a source as the Land of the Rising Sun. Sir Edwin Arnold's book entitled 'Japonica' (Scribners) is timely in its appearance, for in both inward spirit and outward dress it belongs to holiday publications. Lured to Japan, as he tells us, not by guide-books or volumes of travel, but by a grammar, Sir Edwin found "a whole Japanese syntax constructed on the refined and gentle as well as eminently Christian principle of exalting another and depreciating one's self." When just about to leave the land whose language is governed by Christianity in grammar, Sir Edwin received an invitation to furnish three articles for *Scribner's Magazine*. These were duly written, and are now reprinted in a sumptuous volume with Mr. Robert Blum's fine illustrations. Distilling the essence of the best European and American writings concerning Japan, whether descriptive, critical, or philosophical, adding his own brilliant and kindly, rather than keen or profound, observations, and flavoring all with the honey gathered by his own study of the native poetry, he presents us, as it were, with a pretty vase filled with sweet odors. His charming style and broad charity will surely swell the volume of travel towards the land whose praises are sung from the carmine head-line on the title-page to the colophon which, in an oval of Japanese script, is "Sir Edwin Arnold's Seal." Of Mr. Blum's illustrations it may be said that their charm is that of intense realism combined with poetic selection and grouping. An artist's eye has chosen the subjects, which are treated with power and, considering that no color is used, with remarkable effect. The dainty material and elegant mechanical execution make this book one of the most inviting of parlor-table books of the season.

'By Land and By Sea' is the title of a handsomely printed and illustrated book of travels by the late Harriet E. Francis of Troy, N. Y. Accompanying her husband, the Hon. John M. Francis, in his diplomatic mission at the courts of Greece, Portugal, and Austria-Hungary, this lady enjoyed excellent opportunities of travel and observation. Her keenness of insight is noticeable, and her story of incidents, with chats about history and legends heard or read by her, are in quality rather above that of the average of round-the-world tourists. There are ten "chats" and as many printed extracts of letters descriptive of scenery or people. Occasionally we find a misprint, misspelling, or information of uncertain value, but in general the work is entertaining. The abundant full-page illustrations are creditable to the taste of the author who selected them, as their execution is to the publishers (Nims & Knight, Troy).

'Swiss Pictures Drawn with Pen and Pencil' has appeared in a new edition (Fleming H. Revell Co.), with some new illustrations by Whymper, and a practical map in which the principal peaks as well as the mountain villages are conspicuously marked for the convenience of tourists. The pictures take up almost as great a part of the 216 pages as the letter-press, which is by the late Rev. S. Manning. The book was originally issued in 1866, and in the present edition an attempt has been made to bring it up to date by including places which have since become popular, and mention of some recent mountain railways—not the very latest, however. A useful feature is a table in the appendix, showing at a glance the height of the principal mountains and passes. Some of the pictures illustrate the disadvantage of introducing figures of city folks in landscapes: the mountains remain unchanged, as do the peasants, but the women no longer wear hoopskirts.

One of the most attractive and popular of German holiday books is Cotta's *Musenalmanach*, which was revived last year under the editorship of Dr. Otto Braun. There is a certain poetic fitness in the reappearance of this venerable annual after nearly a century's sleep, as indicating a possible literary fulfilment of the Kyffhäuser prophecy. The volums for 1892 comes to us in a festive garb, the very pink of bibliopegic art, and the 300 pages of contents are as fresh and as free from fustiness as the dainty exterior. In fine, it is a Rip van Winkle of marvellously youthful mien and quite modern attire, and has awaked out of its long slumber, like the seven sleepers of Ephesus, with no traces of age in its features and no cemeterial scent in the folds of its garments. Fiction is represented by Paul Heyse's "Vroni," the scene of which is laid in the Bavarian highlands. Heyse is unsurpassed in Germany as a writer of short stories, and this tragic tale is one of his best. The prose is followed by what Milton calls "numerous verse," of which "Die Hexenmühle," a narrative poem by Otto Roquette, "Das Maienfest," by Isolde Kurz, "Die Unschuldigen Kindlein," by C. F. Meyer, and "Herzensfrühling," by Ludwig Fulda, may be especially mentioned. Six heliotypic reproductions of paintings by Höslin, Falkenberg, Max, Von Blaas, Hoff, and Rössler greatly enhance the beauty of the work.

In anticipation of more extended notice, two books of decided merit may be commended to lovers of literature as well as to students. Mr. Mackail's 'Select Epigrams from the Greek Anthology' (Longmans, Green & Co.) may fairly be called a work of art. It is by far the best anthology ever edited in English, evincing the nicest taste and scholarship in introduction, translations, and notes. The typography is everything that a "gentleman and scholar" could desire. Prof. Mahaffy's 'The Greek World under Roman Sway' (Macmillan) continues his 'Greek Life and Thought,' noticed some years ago in these columns, and displays the same freshness of treatment, the same research in a somewhat neglected and out-of-the-way field, enlivened at intervals by discussions of life and morals which have a perennial interest.

In 'English Social Movements,' by Robert A. Woods (Scribners), one finds a good deal of information about English labor organizations, new and old, the various Socialistic leagues and their aims and methods, the university settlements and reformatory schemes of the churches in London, and other similar subjects. The account aims to be objective,

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and is consistently so almost throughout; occasionally the writer's sympathy with Socialistic doctrine comes to the surface. His evident open-mindedness lends significance for American readers to what he says in his preface: "I may express my increasing conviction of the substantial emptiness of the kind of criticism made upon the constitution of English society, which is intended to be an indirect felicitation of ourselves over our own social conditions. The American aristocracy is more powerful and more dangerous than the English. And it can no longer be taken for granted that workingmen are better off in the United States than in England. . . . We are beginning to see that the problem of lower New York is in some respects even more serious than the problem of East London."

Mr. Archibald H. Grimké's 'William Lloyd Garrison, the Abolitionist,' just added to the "American Reformers Series" published by Funk & Wagnalls, is the third attempt in English to abstract in one volume the four volumes of the Life edited by Garrison's children and published by the Century Co. A fourth attempt, by Mr. Goldwin Smith, is, as we have already announced, passing through the press. Mr. Grimké's possesses a peculiar interest in that the author has in his veins the blood of the race for whose redemption the *Liberator* was founded. A noticeable warmth of feeling and rhetorical exuberance proceeds from this cause, and will not be harshly criticised. Mr. Grimké has a good constructive sense, and has made a book which hangs well together. His narrative is animated throughout. He is not a mere eulogist, and does not approve Garrison's judgment or policy at all points, but is fair in defining them. The most serious omission is in the matter of non-resistance and the Non-Resistance Society, the latter not being even mentioned. This is to lose the key to Garrison's character at once as a man and as a reformer, and an indispensable clue to the understanding of his relation to political abolitionism in the guise of the Liberty Party. Mr. Grimké shows here more than elsewhere a want of grasp of his abundant material.

In "Excursions among Words," by Eugene Field in the Chicago *News*, much good advice is given to journalistic writers which we fear it is too much to hope they will follow. But the English language is a very dangerous subject to dogmatize upon. Mr. Field begins: "There is no such word as 'wended'; the past of wend is 'went.' A man cannot be said to have wended his way. He either went his way or has went his way." Perhaps this is some of Mr. Field's humor. More probably he had forgotten Scott's—

> "Then slower wended back his way
> Where the poor maiden bleeding lay."

Music is the comprehensive title of a new magazine edited and published by Mr. W. S. B. Mathews of Chicago. In size and external appearance it resembles the *Forum*. Mr. Mathews is well known to the musical world through his books 'How to Understand Music,' his 'Popular History of Music,' etc.; and the first issue of his magazine gives evidence that he takes his task very seriously. *Music* is intended to be "a convenient medium of intercommunication between the best minds of the musical profession in the United States and the world," and the editor thinks that music has made sufficient progress in this country to call for an organ similar in scope to the literary magazines, in which there will be room and pecuniary compensation for articles that would be excluded by their dimensions from the daily papers and the weekly musical papers, which are chiefly devoted to criticism of current events and to trade matters. The November number of *Music* has a timely article on Paderewski, with a portrait, and articles on the Dignity of Music, Music in the Columbian Fair, Music and the Individual, Some Pedagogic Needs in Music, book reviews, etc. Among the contributors to the December number will be Messrs. Upton, Liebling, Tomlins, Fillmore, and Dwight.

The November Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society opens with an account of a journey in Persia, by C. E. Biddulph, the most interesting part of which relates to the great salt deposit known as the Darya-i-Namak. This is a tract of hollow ground more than fifty miles long by twenty broad, "covered with an incrustation of solid salt several feet in thickness in most places, and in some parts, it might be said, of almost unknown depth." There is apparently but a single path across it, and the passage must be made at night, as the dazzling reflection of the sun's rays prevents persons from seeing where they are going, and, once off the track, they are almost *hopelessly lost*. Mr. Biddulph crossed by moonlight, and found the surface like a frozen pond; except that "instead of being continuous, it was broken up into countless polygonal blocks, whose dimensions varied from six inches across to two or three feet or more." There was no vibration of the incrustation perceived, nor impression made upon it by the camels and horses; and an attempt to break off a block of salt with a hammer and an iron tent-peg was unsuccessful, the peg being bent nearly double. A few fragments were chipped off, which, after a day or two, became soft and friable and changed color from purest white to a slaty blue. Just before the further side of the deposit was reached, the caravan got off the track, and the animals sank almost to the girths "in a substance that resembled exactly melting snow." Among the other articles are some interesting "Notes on the Sabæans," an obscure Persian sect, who call themselves "*followers of John [the Baptist]*."

The late John Marshall, one of the most distinguished surgeons and comparative anatomists of England, and Professor of Anatomy to the Royal Academy, left at his decease last year a set of anatomical drawings of which he made use in his lectures to the Royal Academy. They remain the property of the family, as each professor is expected to furnish his own drawings. As the Professor was too mindful of the claims of humanity to leave behind him a fortune, his family would be glad to find a purchaser for the drawings. They are about eighty in number, and might well become the property of some institute. Mrs. Marshall's address is Bellevue House, Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, London.

—When M. Eugène Melchoir de Vogüé two or three years ago delivered his address upon his réception into the French Academy, we noted it as the first signal, shown from a high place, to mark the turn of a religious and literary tide. Ever since 1848 the tide had been setting towards naturalism in literature, while in religion and morals it seemed to be flowing towards an abyss of mere negation. If M. de Vogüé was not the first to see that an ebb was coming, and in fact had begun, he was at least the first to cry aloud that this was so. His views were soon taken up by others: by M. Paul Desjardins in the *Journal des Débats*, in *Figaro*, in the *Revue Illustrée;* by M. Eugène Hollande in the *Ermitage;* by M. Édouard Rod in a striking series of articles in the *Revue Bleue*, since collected into a book under the title of 'Les Idées morales du temps présent'; and by many other writers of less weight. Most of these welcomed, or deplored, the coming of a neo-catholicism, a religion of faith and hope and love accompanied by a certain revival—or recrudescence—of ecclesiasticism. How this would come about none knew; that it would come, none seemed to doubt. A new writer, however, has just appeared upon the scene, M. Henry Bérenger, President of the Association des Étudiants. In a fine study, which appeared in the *Revue Bleue* of October 10, entitled "Les Idées modernes dans les livres de M. de Vogüé," he takes up the whole question from a quite different point of view. It is a contribution to the discussion which deserves a careful reading, and which does not lend itself to any process of compression by which a fair notion of it could be given. He looks for no success in the experiment of putting the new wine into the old bottles over again, and expects no revival of Catholicism in France. M. Édouard Rod looks for such a revival, and so, too, apparently, does M. Jules Simon. But M. Henry Bérenger may perhaps comfort himself, if these excellent judges prove to be in the right, with the reflection that, after all, not even the Holy Roman Church is a finality to every religious mind, since many have passed through it, as also through the Greek and Anglican communions, to the Catholic Church of mankind.

—Prof. Rodolfo Lanciani has republished from the *Monumenti Antichi* of the Academy dei Lincei, Rome, a monograph entitled 'L'Itinerario di Einsiedeln e L'Ordine di Benedetto Canonico.' His publication will be of especial interest to the students of the topography and antiquities of the Eternal City. The "Itinerary" discovered at Einsiedeln dates from the eighth century, but, in the opinion of Prof. Lanciani, it is merely a copy of the names of localities and monuments on a much earlier map, and may therefore be accepted as throwing light on Rome during the fourth century. It gives eleven tours or itineraries for pilgrims and strangers to follow in their sight-seeing, setting down the places of interest on each side of the streets. The 'Ordo Benedicti' furnishes similar notes—but of a later period, it being a work of the twelfth century—for seven walks through the city. Prof. Lanciani has edited both these authorities with great care, collating, wherever material for collating exists, all references by early or mediæval writers to the buildings mentioned. He gives in facsimile several pages of the original manuscripts, as well as plans and pictures of the more important sites. Most valuable, perhaps, is his large plan of Rome, on which, by the use of black and red inks, he enables one to see at a glance the points visited by the traveller of Einsiedeln and by the Canon Benedict respectively. In this way, not only the changes in the nomenclature of particular monuments, but also the disappearance of old buildings and the appearance of new ones, are readily illustrated. As we should expect, many of the old Roman names—the thermæ of the emperors, the Circus Maximus, the palaces of Nero and Trajan—are omitted from the later itinerary. The Canon records many more churches and shrines, and even in cases where the monuments of the pagan city still remained—as the baths of Caracalla and of Diocletian—he deemed them unworthy of mention to the pilgrim who went to Rome to be edified by its Christian monuments. The later authority passes over the Roman Forum with slight mention, but from the earlier we learn, for instance, that the *cavallus Constantini* stood not far from the arch of Severus.

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—We will not undertake to discuss the archæological details which Prof. Lanciani's monograph brings forward, but we will point out that his work, although it is primarily addressed to antiquaries, necessarily throws side-lights on topics of wider interest concerning the post-imperial history of Rome. To take a single example, the itinerary of the twelfth century starts from the Church of St. Anastasia—an indication, as Prof. Lanciani remarks, that the influence of the Byzantine tradition was felt long after the Western and Eastern Churches had drifted far apart. Again, these two lists of buildings—for guide-books in the modern sense they are not—furnish testimony on the much-mooted question as to when the spoliation and destruction of the edifices of imperial Rome began; they do not, of course, give particulars, but from the fact that we know that this or that building was still standing in the twelfth century, we know that it could not have been demolished by the Teutonic invaders. We can also guess, but with less certainty, as to the population of the city, when we know what parts of it were occupied and how thickly it was dotted with churches. Prof. Lanciani's monograph is published with all the luxury of type, paper, broad margins, and folio size in which foreign learned societies like to indulge. When will they learn, however, that a good index, like an honest heart, is better than all this outward finery?

—The Asiatic Society of Japan publishes a pamphlet of much interest to those engaged in the comparative study of institutions, entitled 'Notes on Land Tenure and Local Institutions in Old Japan.' The pamphlet is based upon the researches of the late Dr. D. B. Simmons, an American physician whose long residence in Japan had familiarized him with the customs of the people, and whose character and abilities were such as to have secured him an exceptional place in their regard. His death unfortunately prevented him from going very far with these investigations, and his memoranda were left in a chaotic state. Mr. John H. Wigmore has edited them, so far as it was practicable, adding much from his own knowledge and securing some contributions from Japanese scholars. The result is but a fragment, but it is fascinating in its suggestiveness. We catch glimpses of a society possessing many resemblances to that of England in prehistoric or early historic times, not only in its feudal customs, but also in the relations of the people to the soil which they tilled. There are indications that, as in England, the serfs of early times represented the conquered peoples, whether aborigines or earlier immigrants than their conquerors, and that the mass of the common people of to-day represent the descendants of the early serfs. Many details are given as to local institutions, the divisions of the land, the size and tenure of holdings, the administration of justice, etc., as well as some curious specimens of feudal laws and customs. The essay opens up a tempting field of study.

STEPHENS'S FRENCH REVOLUTION.—I.

A History of the French Revolution. By H. Morse Stephens. Vol. II. London: Longmans, Green & Co.; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1891.

FIVE years have elapsed since Mr. Morse Stephens published his first volume. Readers interested in historical research began to fear that some calamity had arrested the progress of the work. It is with keen satisfaction that we now find that this fear was groundless. The two volumes taken together bear out the opinion which we formed when we first became acquainted with Mr. Stephens's writings, that his book when completed will be the leading English authority on the annals of the Revolution.

Few indeed are the critics who have any claim to criticise the details of Mr. Stephens's narrative, for the men who in England or America possess anything like his knowledge of the period with which he deals form a very small and select class. This notice is not, we must in fairness add, written by one who claims to belong to this chosen body of historical experts. But it is possible and desirable to form and express a judgment of Mr. Stephens's book, not from the point of view of specialists, but from the point of view of that large and more or less well-informed public for whose benefit and instruction his 'French Revolution' is written. All that we attempt is, to consider fairly the characteristics of our author's work and to "criticise" it in the true sense of that word—that is, to give an estimate of it which may avoid the impertinence and the irrelevancy at once of flattery and of censure.

There is a certain simplicity about Mr. Stephens's whole manner of work and mode of thinking which renders the task of criticism comparatively easy. A little reflection shows that his treatment of the French Revolution, especially in his last volume, is marked by one sterling merit which many readers will deem a defect, and by one fault which to many readers will undoubtedly seem a merit. Mr. Stephens's great merit is his serious and laborious honesty of purpose. Hence, a determination on his part, which might be called excessive if in such a matter excess were possible, to state facts in the plainest and simplest manner, and to avoid at any cost of temporary popularity the vice of sensationalism. To a generation who have delighted in Carlyle's highly colored pictures of revolutionary scenes, and in his rhetorical and occasionally bombastic moralizing on historical crises, or who have drawn their conceptions of the events which a century ago astounded Europe from the over-colored dramatization of Carlyle published by Dickens under the form of a novel, Mr. Stephens's pages will be grievously disappointing: but every lover of historical truth will feel grateful to him for his abstinence from every attempt either "to point a moral or adorn a tale." He has remembered, what we have all of us too much forgotten, that an historian is neither a dramatist nor a moralist, but is primarily an investigator. It may be frankly admitted that Mr. Stephens has really no turn for the much overrated art of word-painting, and it is just where the events he narrates are the most theatrical that his deficiencies as a narrator are most apparent. But, on the other hand, if he does not give his readers scenes, he gives them facts, and if he is least interesting where other writers most successfully excite the imagination or arouse the passions of students, he is able by the mere force of truth to give an interest to just those subjects which are of the highest importance for the understanding of a great crisis in European history, but which, because they do not lend themselves to dramatic representation, are most constantly overlooked.

A few examples, taken from scores of instances to be found in Mr. Stephens's pages, will give some slight idea of the way in which his honest and plain statement of fact adds to our knowledge. On no man has more misrepresentation been lavished than on Marat. That at the end of his life he was a sanguinary maniac is to our mind perfectly clear from Mr. Stephens's own narrative, though this is not exactly the conclusion at which he himself arrives. It is, however, also certain that Marat was no "horse leech," but a man of very considerable literary, philosophical, and, above all, scientific acquirements. He held medical degrees from many universities; he was a good classical scholar, acquainted with most modern languages. Before the Revolution, he held a good medical appointment connected with the court; he possessed the friendship of Franklin, and, before the outbreak of the revolutionary movement, had studied English society on the spot, and had, with a sagacity not found among many of his contemporaries, noted some at least of the defects of the English Constitution. Certainly, to understand this man "it is necessary to get rid of preconceived ideas. Suspicious and irritable, excitable and sensitive to an extreme, he attacked everybody, and attacked them with unaccustomed violence. But with all this he was in private life a highly educated gentleman. The extent of his attainments appears from his numerous works, and it must be remembered that he could not for years have been a fashionable physician and held a court appointment without being perfectly polite and well bred." About the perfect politeness and good breeding of Marat we may, with the highest respect for Mr. Stephens, entertain some doubt. Patients tolerate much from a physician who cures; eccentric brutality no less than urbane suavity has led more doctors than one to fortune. But it is clear enough that the popular picture of Marat is at best a caricature. He may, as we think he did, have turned into a morose and bloodthirsty agitator. But half the instruction of revolutionary crises is lost if we do not recognize the fact that the victim of Charlotte Corday was at the beginning of his career no brutal ruffian.

Take, again, our author's account of the September Massacres. He is not here at his best. The terrible tale needs to be told by a master of narrative. But even here we learn from him definite facts hardly ascertainable from the pages of most historians. We know precisely how long the massacres lasted and how many were their victims. "They began at midday on Sunday, September 2; they continued throughout September 3; the total number of the victims has been variously stated from 850 to 1,458 by serious historians, and probably may be fixed at about 1,100. . . . On the morning of September 4, Roland appeared . . . at the bar of the Assembly and remarked: 'Yesterday was a day upon the events of which a veil should be drawn. I know that the people, terrible in its vengeance, has yet made use of a certain justice.'" These statements may seem bald, but they give us the gist of the whole matter. Pages of eloquence might give us far less information, and also make far less impression. So it is in everything of which Mr. Stephens treats. The King's trial is not in his pages a grand scene, but we learn from him, what we do not learn from our sensationalists, the way in which men really voted, and the strange inconsistency which marked their conduct at a terribly perplexing crisis. We venture, however, to say, as we have already intimated, that it is in the dryer portions of his subject that Mr. Stephens's high qualities as an historian are best displayed. The history of the Republican army and navy, the nature of the Great Committee, the whole system of government by committees, wherein the Con-

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vention was the unconscious imitator of the Long Parliament, the policy of alternate rash philanthropy and of unscrupulous tyranny which roused civil war in San Domingo, the composition of the Girondin party, the great part played by the so-called Men of the Plain, whose services to their country have been rewarded with oblivion—these and a score more of topics of which most Englishmen know nothing, and of which it behooves us all to know if we are to draw any useful instruction from history, are absolutely forced by our author on the attention of his readers. Nor does his merit end here. His love of facts is fatal to crude theories. It does much to modify received views; it does still more to destroy our writer's own theories. It is his highest praise that his honesty of statement enables us to correct what to many persons will seem the errors, in one respect, of his historical inferences.

Mr. Stephens's one fault is a crudeness of political judgment which leads him, we do not say to defend, but certainly to palliate, the Terrorists and their policy of terror. The novelty of the view taken by him of the Reign of Terror will recommend his history to all lovers of paradox, but it must in fairness be admitted that he is no paradox-monger. No one stands at a greater distance from writers such as Froude, Carlyle, or Victor Hugo. He has no special admiration for revolutionists. He is absolutely free from the delusion—and this is one of his greatest merits—that the Jacobins were men of any exceptional ability. "It is necessary," he writes, "to understand that these twelve men [the members of the Committee of Public Safety] were not exceptionally gifted, specially trained administrators. There were most probably hundreds of other men equally qualified to put an end to anarchy and to reorganize France, . . . but circumstances thrust these twelve men to the front." He does not, again, hold, if we understand him rightly, that the Terror was in the main the result of panic. What he maintains is, that France was falling to ruin for want of a strong government, that the Committee of Public Safety, with its absolute and unlimited power, was the kind of government which the country for the moment needed; that the Committee organized of set purpose a system of government through fear, that in the execution of this scheme they put thousands of innocent men to death, not because these victims of judicial murder had committed crimes, nor because their executioners believed them to be criminals, but because the rulers of France thought that fear of death was the best instrument for maintaining the discipline of the nation. Mr. Stephens further, as we understand him, holds that the Terror was, from a political point of view, justified by success, and that it may at least be doubted whether any other method would have saved the unity and the independence of France. It is difficult to represent briefly and fairly views from which a critic dissents, and which are to be gathered inferentially from expressions scattered up and down a long narrative. The following sentences, however, go a good way to justify our account of Mr. Stephens's judgment of the Terror:

"Many evil deeds," he writes, "were done during the Reign of Terror, much blood was wantonly shed, yet for the organizers of the system excuses can be made. They honestly believed that the steady succession of executions was necessary to maintain peace and good order in France, and that, to save much bloodshed from anarchy and civil war, it was necessary that some lives should be solemnly taken with judicial forms. This may not be a valid excuse to strict moralists, but it is an intelligible attitude to adopt."

The attitude is undoubtedly "intelligible"; so was the attitude of Catiline, of Tiberius, of Pilate, of Nero, of Charles IX., of Judge Jeffreys, and so has been, and always will be, the attitude of every tyrant, bigot, fanatic, or scoundrel whose name history hands down to execration. It does not need a "strict moralist" to condemn murder, or to denounce judicial murder as the very worst form in which the worst of criminals can take away the lives of his fellow-men. This, we are well assured, Mr. Stephens himself knows as well, and feels as keenly, as any of his readers. The point, and the only point worth discussing (for the question of morality is settled past discussion), is whether, on any view of expediency, the Terror admits of political justification. That the statesmanship of the Terrorists was execrable no one really denies; what we do deny is that it was statesmanship at all, and our great respect for Mr. Stephens's honest work makes it a duty to deal with it honestly, and say that, in his criticism of the Jacobin leaders, his political judgment is, on the facts as he himself narrates them, utterly at fault. It is, as we have pointed out, his special merit to have tested the revolutionary no less than the anti-revolutionary tradition by the criterion of plain facts and, as far as circumstances admit, of precise numbers. Thus he has given the English world for the first time the statistics of the Reign of Terror. Let us take the dates chosen by Mr. Stephens himself; let us assume that the true Terror lasted a little more, or a little less, than a year; that, in strictness, it existed from September, 1793, till the 27th of July, 1794 (9th Thermidor, year II.), and, in any case, ought not to be dated back further than the beginning of April, 1793. Let us now consider what, according to our author's own view, were the two leading features of this "crisis of the Revolution" which "is the period which distinguishes it from all other revolutions." The country was deprived of any real Constitution. Twelve men—the Committee of Public Safety—were the absolute despots of France. They, and persons acting under their orders, had for all practical purposes control of the property, the freedom, and the lives of every man and woman throughout France. They deliberately proposed, if Mr. Stephens's view be correct, to rule their countrymen by a system of abject fear. To make this barbaric method effective, "a certain number of executions per day, or per week," were carried out in order 'to intimidate those who were not contented with the existing state of affairs." What, then, was this certain number of executions, or, in plain truth, of judicial murders? They amounted to 17,540. Of these, 2,500 at least were perpetrated in Paris alone, and let it be remarked that the number of deaths went on increasing, week by week, like a rapidly spreading plague. From the 10th of June to the 27th of July, 1893, 1,376 persons were executed in Paris, at the rate, on an average, of 196 victims per week. To all this must be added an untold number of imprisonments and other acts of violence. Nor do we reach the tale of horror when we place before our imagination what may be called the specific atrocities of the Terror. As bad as open acts of oppression, or worse, are the menaces, the fears, the suspicions, the abject submission to intolerable wrong, which turned brave men into cowards, and freemen into slaves.

The Reign of Terror, we shall be told—and this is in fact what Mr. Stephens maintains—saved France. But for this view he gives in reality no proof whatever. The authority of the Committee of Public Safety meant two different things. It meant, in the first place, that concentration of executive power which from the beginning of the Revolution had been vainly demanded by every leader with any claim to statesmanship, and no one need dispute that the formation of a strong government was essential to the preservation of the country. It meant, in the second place, that the strength of the Government was used to carry out a plan of oppression and to enforce this system by organized terror. That this terror was expedient is a matter which neither is, nor can be, proved. The most elementary laws of human nature, and the condition of France in 1793, forbid the belief in the expediency of cruelty and murder. Every civilized ruler knows that the force of punishment in driving men to action is, after all, very weak. Mr. Stephens rightly dwells on the fact that, during the height of the Reign of Terror, men were, as they always must be, mainly occupied with their daily and private affairs. But this is in reality conclusive evidence of the small results produced by the infliction of the severest penalties. Punishment, moreover, owes such effectiveness as it possesses to its falling upon the guilty. It is absurd to suppose that the execution of thousands who are not guilty of any offence will be a terror to evil-doers.

But let any one who is not satisfied with inferences based upon the best established principles of penal legislation consider for a moment the state of France. Were the Frenchmen of 1793 caitiffs who needed to be driven into battle by the lash? Every one knows that this was not so. France abounded then, as she always has abounded, in men of high spirit and of rare military capacity. The Reign of Terror may well enough have been necessary to keep the Jacobins in power, but the authority of the Jacobins was not necessary to the salvation of France. It was the soldiers of the Republic who saved the country, and there is no reason for supposing that France would have been worse served by her sons had a fanatic like Robespierre, or a time-server like Barère, never had an opportunity of exhibiting to the world all the horrors that ensue when narrow-minded enthusiasm or unscrupulous self-seeking is combined with unlimited power. On Mr. Stephens's own showing, the Reign of Terror cost France over 17,000 citizens. To these we may fairly, in our own judgment, add the 1,100 prisoners slaughtered in the massacres of September, and we shall not be far from the mark if we assume that between 19,000 and 20,000 citizens were the victims of Jacobinism. But the mere number of murders necessary to support the Terror gives no real measure of the injury wrought to France by the excesses of revolutionary policy. It is the Reign of Terror which has divided France into hostile camps; it is the Reign of Terror, and the traditions it has engendered, which has exposed the French to the constant danger of alternating revolution and reaction; it is the Reign of Terror which, even now, makes it uncertain whether France will ever be the lasting home of rational freedom. Our one quarrel with Mr. Stephens is that his political insight is not equal to his historical knowledge. In a succeeding article we hope to waive all criticism and to show our readers on how many sides he has, by his diligence and his research, elucidated the history of the French Revolution. Meanwhile we would suggest that, oddly enough, his theory of apology

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for the Terror is scarcely fair even to the Terrorists. Were their acts, after all, the result of policy? Panic, cowardice, and stupidity naturally beget cruelty. A poet may, it is possible, see further into this matter than an historian:

"France had lit a light for all men,
Preached a gospel all men's good;
Celtic Demos rose a demon,
Shrieked and slaked the light in blood."

THE NEW GERMANY.

Geschichte des deutschen Einheitstraumes und seiner Erfüllung. In den Grundlinien dargestellt von Dr. J. Jastrow. Gekrönte Preisschrift des Allg. Vereins für Deutsche Litteratur. Vierte Auflage. Berlin: Allg. Verein für Deutsche Litteratur. 1891.

Imperial Germany: A Critical Study of Fact and Character. By Sidney Whitman. John W. Lovell Co. 1891.

The Young Emperor William II of Germany: A Study in Character Development on a Throne. By Harold Frederic. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1891.

THE close of a period of doubt and strife in the development of a nation, the final or seemingly final settlement of a really vital question, always produces a new theory of the national history. From the point of view of the accomplished fact, the historian discovers that the whole movement of the national life has been towards precisely that crisis which has declared itself and that solution which has resulted from the crisis. 1688 created the Whig theory of English, 1789 the Democratic theory of French history. The close of our civil war and the formulation of its results in the Thirteenth and Fourteenth Amendments have enabled both foreign and American writers to find the leading motive of the past century of our own history. That the establishment of German unity should not have exerted a similar influence upon the historical literature of Germany would be inconceivable. The instinct of scientific synthesis is stronger among the Germans than any other people. "Too fragmentary," said Heine, half a century ago, "is the world and life. I will betake myself to the German professor. He knows how to put it all together, and makes of it an intelligible system." In Heine's time a philosophy of history which was very popular in Germany showed that the evolution of the world was through the national to the cosmopolitan idea; and that precisely because the Germans had so little of the "specific national" sentiment, Germany was marching in the van of human progress. But now that the Germans have obtained the national organization which their neighbors had achieved centuries before, cosmopolitanism has been relegated to a very distant future. The movement of the age is national, and Germany has caught up with the procession. The cosmopolitan sentiments of eighteenth-century Germans are now regarded as evidences of a morbid condition, and Goethe's broad humanism, admirable in itself, is considered a symptom of national disease. This view Von Treitschke has presented, with much invective against those of different opinion, in his occasional essays and in the introductory volume of his 'German History in the Nineteenth Century.' This view Von Sybel sets forth, more calmly but not less decidedly, in the opening chapters of his 'Founding of the German Empire.' To the defence of the same thesis Jastrow devotes his 'History of the German Dream of Unity and its Fulfilment.

Jastrow presents a philosophical theory of German history from the time of Tacitus to the present day. He undertakes to show how and why the Germans failed to achieve national unity under the old empire; how, nevertheless, through all the period of their divisions, the consciousness of national coherence was strengthening and the "dream of unity" taking shape; how then, between 1815 and 1850, the nation began to awake from the dream of a "great Germany," which should include all German-speaking men, and to accept the idea of a "narrower Germany," with a federal basis and a Prussian apex. In concluding, he considers the nature of the present German Empire, and endeavors to show how beneficent have been the results of political unity in every part of the national life. His view of German history is more interesting than that of the purely political historians, because he goes beneath the political phenomena and searches for the hidden springs of the national development. German legends and poetry, religion and art, reveal the popular sentiments and aspirations; these and the practical needs of trade and industry make much of the political history with which a superficial opinion credits the politicians. In these special fields the author is by no means wholly dependent on the results reached by others. He has long been known as an investigator in the domain of German *Culturgeschichte.*

Jastrow's view of the "mission" of Prussia seems at first glance to coincide with Von Treitschke's. The latter would not hesitate to accept the former's succinct statement of the situation at the middle of the nineteenth century:

"The rise of the Prussian State had a double significance as regarded the fulfilment of the German dream of unity. It could point to the accomplished fact that 18,000,000 Germans had found within its frontiers that political unity which the other 18,000,000 were still seeking; and at the same time the stock of political power here accumulated was large enough to enable Prussia to assume the long-desired leadership of the nation" (p. 153).

But while Von Treitschke sees only the fact that in its two previous centuries of development the Prussian State had destroyed every independent political authority within its borders, Jastrow points out that the most important local organs, the cities, lost their independence indeed, but received a generous measure of autonomy. They were simply relegated to their proper place in the governmental system of the modern state. And while Von Treitschke hopes and believes that the monarchic element in the new Empire—that is, the imperial power exercised by Prussia—will ultimately destroy the independence of the single States, Jastrow believes that Prussia has reconciled the State-rights idea with the requirements of national unity, as it had previously reconciled self-government in the cities with the unity of the State. To Von Treitschke, Germany is on the road to absolute unity, "ein werdender Einheitsstaat," and federal government is merely a transitional form. To Jastrow the autonomy of the historic States within the Empire is only one degree less important than their union, and to him the federal form now existing is a presumably final form. It is interesting to see how completely each author's interpretation of history is determined by his political ideals. Without attempting to decide which theory is the more plausible, it may be pointed out that Jastrow's view must be much the more acceptable of the two in Saxony and South Germany; and it may be suggested to the Prussian historiographers that insistence upon Von Treitschke's theory will hardly contribute to the smooth working of the present federal institutions.

Jastrow, as we have said, presents a philosophical theory of German history. It should be added that he does not attempt to narrate that history; he assumes that the reader is familiar with it. That such a work should be included in the popular series published by the "Union for German Literature," and that it should have reached a fourth edition in six years, sufficiently disproves the recent assertion of the young Emperor, that his subjects are ignorant of German history. The book has deserved its success, not only by its intrinsic merit, but by a warmth of tone and clearness of statement that are rare in German scientific writing. To the student the forty pages of notes at the end of the volume, with lists of the most important works upon German political, social, and economic history, are of special value. In the present edition these lists are brought fully up to date.

Mr. Whitman's 'Imperial Germany' is dedicated to Prince Bismarck, and the "popular" second edition is prefaced by favorable "opinions" from Prince Bismarck and Count Moltke. It is not surprising that these authorities were pleased with the work, for Mr. Whitman sincerely admires the Prussian monarchy, the German Army, and the ex-Chancellor, and devotes a very eulogistic chapter to each. He finds much to say, also, in favor of paternal government, though he is too good an Englishman not to feel its disadvantages. His study of German conditions has convinced him that a *laissez-faire* policy would ill subserve German interests; and he would obviously like to see Government attempt in England some of the tasks which it performs in Germany, if it could be counted upon to perform them as well. Through all these chapters there runs a steady criticism of things English—so steady and so incisive that one ends by wondering whether Mr. Whitman, like Tacitus, was not moved to write his 'Germany,' in part at least, by the desire to make his own countrymen conscious of their evil estate. In the other portions of the book, which deal with the German people and their political, economic, and social characteristics, the author continues to criticise freely, but his strictures are directed in the main against the Germans. He is sympathetically conscious of their many admirable qualities, but in matters political he finds them disposed to carp unduly and lacking in patriotism; in matters of trade he praises their diligence, but denies to them the originality and inventiveness which characterize English and American manufacturers and merchants; and in matters social he conveys the impression that they are only three-quarters civilized. Like many of his countrymen, and all Americans, he finds the German wife too thoroughly "domesticated." He quotes Heine's saying, "The German husband has no wife, but a servant," and Bismarck's declaration that "our wives are the only ladies we are rude to," as having "more than a passing meaning."

Mr. Whitman's book is anything but objective: it is full of the personal impressions and feelings of the author. But these are by no means without value, for they are obviously the result of long scrutiny of German life by an unusually clear-eyed observer. No ordinary tourist or special correspondent could have written the chapters on "The German Aristocracy" and "The German Philistine." In a book which attempts to cover so wide a field, it is of course easy to pick flaws. In the chapter upon "The Intellectual Life," the list

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of notables is open to criticism both as regards the names included and those omitted. The description of German education is superficial and unsatisfactory. But these are minor blemishes.

The style of Mr. Whitman's book is generally easy, if rather careless; but when he falls into metaphor the result is painful. On page 89 we read that "the backbone of the Prussian nation is loath to pin its faith to foreign models of parliamentarism." In the two following sentences the monarch appears as "a beacon-tower" and "a fountain of grace." On page 141 we are told, in a single sentence, that Bismarck's oratorical "periods are nervously jagged and lack rotundity," but that "they fly straight as a dart and . . . pierce the enemy through and through, and thence pursue their winged course right across the country, to be remembered as sledge-hammer blows of conviction," etc.

Mr. Harold Frederic's study of William II. is, from the literary point of view, a well-constructed and uncommonly well-written book. As a contribution to history it is worthless. The material is simple gossip—gossip of the clubs, the cafés, the legations—such as "our regular correspondent" furnishes once a week for a New York newspaper. Some of the statements are probably true, or half true; some are almost certainly false; but it is impossible to separate fact from fiction. Where the author goes back of current gossip to history, his statements are often inexact. He tells us, for example, that the formation of the Ultramontane or "Centre" party was due to the persecution of the Catholics by Bismarck. The fact is, that when this party first appeared in force in the Prussian and Imperial Diets, there had been no change either in the Prussian laws regarding religious associations or in their application; and that the laws and their interpretation were confessedly more favorable to the freedom of the Roman Catholic Church than those of many Catholic States of Europe.

Of course Mr. Frederic, with his trained literary instincts, has appreciated the necessity of building a book on different lines from a weekly letter. There must be a central idea and a plot. The plot which he has selected is one familiar to every reader of fiction. There is a hot-headed but well-meaning young man as the hero, and there is a struggle between his good angel and his bad angel. Bismarck, whom the author cordially detests, makes an excellent Mephistopheles; and all that is unpleasant in the young Emperor's acts or utterances is ascribed to the ex-Chancellor's sinister influence. The good angel, however, is rather an unsatisfactory makeshift. Perhaps the author, embarrassed by the fetters of fact, could find no better person to cast for this rôle; but it must be confessed that the good angel is slightly ridiculous. He is an honest German pedagogue named Hintzpeter, of whom the general public knows only three things. Hintzpeter directed the studies of Prince William until the latter went to the University. About the time that William succeeded to the throne, Hintzpeter published a psychological study of his ex-pupil which was received with general surprise, some annoyance, and a great deal of laughter. In 1889 Hintzpeter was sent by William to the coal-fields of Westphalia and the Rhine Province to investigate the grievances of the miners, tens of thousands of whom were striking. So much is generally known. What is not generally known is, that all that is noblest in William's ideas and aims was implanted in his youthful mind by Hintzpeter; that it is Hintzpeter who has now won him over to the defence of the workingman and the cause of Christian Socialism; that it is Hintzpeter who, by sheer force of nobility and goodness, forced the bad Bismarck out of office, as the angels in the second part of "Faust" drive *Mephistopheles* away with rose leaves. All this it has been reserved for Mr. Frederic to reveal to the world, on the authority of "men who know the Kaiser well."

A Memoir of the Life and Public Service of Joseph E. Johnston. Edited by Bradley T. Johnson. Baltimore: R. H. Woodward & Co. 12mo, pp. viii, 362.

It is hard to find a good reason for the existence of this book. A good memoir of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston would be warmly welcomed. He himself, in his well-known 'Narrative,' gave to the world the most full and authentic history of his military career from his own standpoint. Whatever of authentic details of his youth or his private life could be added to this, would be useful and interesting as illustrating his individuality of character and opinion. His private and public correspondence must contain much that ought not to be lost, because it would help to an understanding of him and the history of his time.

The volume in hand gives us little or no help in either direction. The military part is a not very reliable abridgment of the 'Narrative,' untempered and uncorrected by any apparent study of the official records, now easily accessible to everybody who affects authorship on topics connected with the civil war. A gloss of historical facts from the standpoint of an ultra-partisan in 1865 is certainly an anachronism in 1891. The personality of Gen. Johnston is left untouched except to apply to him, here and there, phrases of overwrought laudation. A few incidents of a more intimate character are found in brief chapters of "Reminiscences" by Gen. D. H. Maury and Col. Archer Anderson. It is impossible to believe that Gen. Johnston's relatives and friends can regard the work as in any sense an adequate memorial of him.

Instead of any information as to Gen. Johnston's opinions regarding the origin and the right of secession in 1861, we have a chapter giving the editor's ideas; in which, after repeating the somewhat familiar fact that Washington was a rebel, he proves him also a secessionist by a novel account of the formation in 1789 of the Constitution of the United States.

"Eleven States," he says, "seceded from the Confederation which by its terms was to be perpetual, and formed a new union which was to be more perfect than the perpetual union which had only lasted ten years. The prime mover in this secession, who presided over the secession convention at Philadelphia, and who signed the act of secession called the Constitution, was George Washington, known to the world and in the hearts of his countrymen as the father of his country"!

His own notion of the great rebellion is this:

"By 1861 the power of government had been usurped by one section, within the letter and in defiance of the spirit and intent of the law; and the minority, in the exercise of those rights by which Anglo-Saxon liberty had been protected and defended for a thousand years, withdrew from that Government, which was no longer their Government, and established a new Union, under an amended and improved Constitution, better suited to the new conditions of society, and better adapted to secure liberty to their posterity."

The editor has never heard that the gigantic struggle between the principles of free labor and slave labor had been going on for half a century, and has not even now learned that it cut any figure in the contest of 1861, for he does not mention it. He is equally ignorant that the preëminent and capital clause in the Montgomery Constitution, which he praises as "better adapted to secure liberty to their posterity," was in these words: "No bill of attainder, *ex-post-facto* law, or law denying or impairing the right of property in negro slaves shall be passed." These stand out upon the parchment with a lurid illumination which blinds all eyes to the rest, so that the world (excepting the editor) reads them alone; he is ignorant that they are there. The living generation of Southern statesmen have with one accord recognized the great truth of the century, that America has taken a long stride in true progress and civilization, so that nothing could induce them now to turn their faces in the direction they faced in 1861. It is a pity that any book can now be written about one of the Southern worthies without a clear recognition of this.

Conscious of the fact that his material relating to Gen. Johnston was insufficient to warrant its publication as a book, the editor has inserted a hundred pages of passionate attack upon Gen. Sherman for his march to the sea and through South Carolina. Johnston was not in military command during that period, and the matter has no more relation to Johnston's biography than to that of Lee or Stonewall Jackson. Here, again, one is forced to wonder at the Rip Van Winkle sleep the editor has indulged in. Since 1865, no man in the nation was more constantly in the popular eye than Sherman, no one was more transparent, no one was more free in speech or used fewer reticences. He went everywhere, South as well as North. Every man in the country (except the editor) knows that he was frank, impulsive, speaking the feeling of the moment with little care for apparent consistency, but acting in all important matters with high and fixed principles. His bluff words were accompanied by kind and sympathetic acts. Meanness, cowardice, cruelty, he abhorred. Peace being made, there was no one whom Southern officers found more ready to do them friendly offices. Johnston knew and felt this; he renewed cordial relations with him; he was one of the chief mourners at his burial. Yet, of all the men in the world, it is Sherman that the editor selects to pad his book with an irrelevant attack the most uncharitable, the most false to characteristics fixed by universal popular knowledge and solid reputation, the most absurdly inconsistent it was possible to make. Not only this, but if true it was most disparaging to Gen. Johnston that he should have renewed his friendship with such a man and followed him mourning to his grave. The climax becomes ludicrous when the effort is made to picture the negotiation at Durham Station, when Johnston surrendered, as evidence of bitter and unscrupulous hatred on Sherman's part towards the South—a negotiation for which Sherman broke with Stanton and Halleck, and declared that no one should violate the faith pledged to those who surrendered except over his body!

Sheridan is made the object of a briefer but not less angry attack, but, comically enough, Grant is warmly eulogized in contrast to his great lieutenants in the very matters for which they are denounced, and for which, in Sheridan's case, at least, he accepted the full responsibility of command, both in his official reports and in his personal memoirs. As if to show that it is the praise and not the abuse which is to be taken in a Pickwickian sense, the appendix gives the evidence that Grant

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had interfered to release the editor from arrest for treason in 1866.

We have, perhaps, noticed this book at too great length, but it has seemed necessary to emphasize the fact that the time has passed when writings will be taken as historical which are mere appeals to passions supposed to be buried, and which, even in the circles to which they are addressed, will "make the judicious grieve."

Ocean Steamships. Chas. Scribner's Sons. 1891.

THIS handsome volume, which is fully illustrated, contains a series of articles printed from time to time in *Scribner's Magazine*, treating of the steamship, its development, construction, machinery, routes, and traffic. The plan is somewhat similar to that adopted by the same publishers for a work upon the American railway, and the articles have been revised since their publication in the magazine and brought down to the present day and to the latest record-breaking of the transatlantic liner.

With the exception of the last article of the book, the treatment of the ocean steamship is almost entirely confined to those engaged in transatlantic trade, and more particularly to steamers sailing to and from the port of New York. This limitation, however, is made only to a certain extent for local reasons, as the transatlantic routes from New York have, by their great importance, peculiar demands, and severe conditions, evolved the highest types of sea-going steamers afloat. Vessels created by the demands of this trade, but superseded by other ships of a later type, can be found performing service in other oceans, and travellers to China, Japan, or New Zealand from some ports of England or the Pacific Coast may find themselves once more upon the decks of a one-time "favorite" Cunarder or White Star liner.

The shortness of the period covering the development of the steamship can be better realized when we read that the same engineer, Mr. John Robertson, who in 1812 placed the engines in the *Comet*, the pioneer steamer in British waters, also superintended their erection in the South Kensington Museum in London as an antiquated object of curious historical interest. A collection of models representing the history of steam navigation in the United States would be an interesting feature for the Columbian Exposition at Chicago, and though a lack of symmetry might be suggested in the absence of an American ocean greyhound, still, models of the latest American cruisers and torpedo boats would show that the skill to create the greyhound was in existence, and the non-existence of this type of commerce-creator could usefully serve to point a moral and adorn a tale.

The marvellous economy which the inventive ingenuity of the present generation has created in the propulsion of the modern steamship can be somewhat appreciated when the statement is made that a half-sheet of note-paper will develop sufficient power, when burned in connection with the triple-expansion engine, to carry a ton a mile in a transatlantic steamer. How an economy so great as this is to be still further increased and to go hand-in-hand with increased speed, seems a very difficult problem for solution. Little more improvement can be expected in the model of hull; the solution lies more probably in improved machinery and steam generators, in modes of propulsion, and in the use of more efficient and compact fuel. The development of engines of the quadruple-expansion type may do something, new systems of forced draught may prove more efficient and less destructive than those in use, and the use of petroleum (or rather the residuum of petroleum) may be made more practicable and safe; but it is doubtful if more than two propellers will add much to existing speed and outweigh the disadvantages presented. To those who expect much from the new cruisers designed to use three propellers, let us commend the words of the Engineer-in-Chief of the U. S. Navy, who says: "Knowing that it was extremely improbable that shafting of the great size necessary to transmit this enormous power to twin-screws could be obtained in this country, either in reasonable time or with any guarantee as to its strength, the Bureau decided to depart from the usual practice and to divide the power into three parts instead of two, each being developed by a separate engine driving its own screw. . . . It is not supposed by the Bureau that three screws will prove a more efficient mode of propulsion than two; on the contrary, it believes that, except for the highest power, they will prove slightly less efficient, but its reasons for adopting them have already been given."

The first article of the book before us is upon the development of the steamship, by Commander Chadwick, U. S. N. This leads us from the steamers *Clermont* and *Comet*, the latter forty feet long on the keel, to the *City of Paris*, the *Teutonic*, and the twin-screw *Touraine* of 11,675 tons displacement. This increase of size is not likely to end here, as already ship-builders are offering to build a vessel guaranteed to cross the Atlantic in five days, having a length of 630 feet, and with 33,000 indicated horse-power. The fastest passage given is that of the *Teutonic* in August last, in 5 days, 16 hours, and 31 minutes, at the average rate of 20.35 knots an hour. It may be of interest to state that the speed and capacity of the *Teutonic*, and also of her sister ship, the *Majestic*, are such that she can steam from Portsmouth, England, to Bombay, by the way of the Cape of Good Hope, in twenty-two days without coaling on the way. The distance is over ten thousand miles, and the significance of the fact lies in the future utility of vessels like these as Indian transports, in the event of the route by the way of the Suez Canal being closed in time of war.

The article upon the building of the ocean greyhound, though by a non-professional, is clearly and well written, and cannot fail to be instructive. That of Lieut. Kelly, U. S. N., upon the ship's company is especially readable and spirited, written as it is with all the buoyancy and *bonhomie* so characteristic of its author. With the least promising of subjects, he has given us one of the best of the series. Mr. Rideing's article upon the dangers and the safety on board of the Atlantic liner brings out in prominence, as it should, the element of danger involved in foggy or thick weather, and should serve to calm the impatience of the passenger who is suddenly shut out of port by a heavy fog or snow-storm. No tradition of the sea is better founded than that shown by the antagonistic feeling existing towards those who profess to be good "fog pilots"; they are, indeed, a delusion and a snare. Much, very much, has been done to render steamship navigation safe; but nothing can eliminate the necessity for vigilance, or relieve the feelings of care and anxiety that at times press heavily upon the commander of an ocean steamer. The record of the year 1890, however, speaks eloquently of the efficiency and good management of the transatlantic service. Nearly 2,000 trips were made from New York, about 200,000 cabin passengers were carried to and fro, and nearly 372,000 immigrants landed without accident.

The inception of one of the great steamship lines of the world was due to an American—William Wheelwright—who was the father of the project which led to the establishment of the Pacific Steam Navigation Company, with its various routes and many steamers. Now that the unfriendly attitude of the Chilian people towards Americans of the North has become so prominent a topic of the day, it is of interest to note that of the three public statues erected to individuals in Valparaiso, one honors the memory of Wheelwright, to whom Chili owes so much for the promotion and introduction of steamship, railroad, and telegraphic communication.

With all of the achievements of the ocean steamship so graphically depicted in these pages, and with all of the interest and pleasure aroused by a contemplation of the wonderful improvements created by human ingenuity, comes an unavoidable regret that our own flag flies over so few ocean steamers, and over none that are peers of the modern transatlantic liners; and this in spite of the fact that our foreign commerce was never greater than now. A ship, either of the navy or mercantile marine, is peculiarly a representative of the nationality to which it belongs, and with the national pride that we all should have exists the desire to see the flag flying upon ships the equals of any afloat. Neither the skill nor the capital is now lacking to obtain or manage these, and it is to be hoped that the fiscal laws that prevent our steamship lines from equalling in efficiency and importance our great railways may speedily come to an end.

Seas and Lands. By Sir Edwin Arnold. Longmans, Green & Co.

THIS reprint of the letters sent by Sir Edwin Arnold to the *Daily Telegraph* of London during a trip to Japan for rest and recreation, appears in the form of a handsome ornamental octavo volume. The book is an excellent specimen of mechanical work, and is well illustrated and indexed. The letters describe the people and country, especially in and around the Canadian, American, and Japanese capitals. Ten are devoted to America and thirty to Japan. The author's style is bright, sparkling, and touched with the emotion of the moment, so that each letter, now transformed into a chapter, is exceedingly readable. Sir Edwin seems to be at home in addressing an audience of Harvard students, a company of Japanese editors, a bevy of Buddhist priests, or in lecturing in a missionary university. He is sure to say something that pleases each audience, though apparently not over-careful to make his various statements harmonize.

One example of several, which we noticed in his letters when first printed in the *Telegraph*, and which we expected to find pruned out in the published volumes, is his allusion at Harvard to the Pilgrim ship *Mayflower*. "Do you know," said he (p. 110), "that the *Mayflower* which brought your ancestors thither (*sic*) went down in Indian waters off Masulipatam?" This suggestive remark, in the form of a question—an echo of Sir George Birdwood's—was given further publicity by the American, Mr. Henry Stevens, in his volume on 'The Dawn of British Trade to the East Indies.' It is many months, however, since Sir George Birdwood, in his second edi-

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tion of 'Old Records of the India Office,' has shown, on the testimony of a contemporaneous entry, that the *Mayflower* which foundered off the coast of Coromandel was a ship of between two hundred and eighty and three hundred tons. The consort of the *Speedwell* from Southampton to Land's End was probably an old ship in 1620, since she nearly went to pieces on the Atlantic, and had to be held together with a good piece of Dutch hardware from Delft. To say nothing of a vessel built of ordinary English timber lasting until 1659, the famous *Mayflower* was of but one hundred and eighty tons burden, or with less room on board than many an Erie canal boat.

While among us, Sir Edwin visited our "good grey poets," Whittier and Whitman, and his narrative of experiences with these and with humbler folk is thoroughly enjoyable, albeit the description of the Camden interior is said by the less other-worldly to be worthy of the author's warm imagination. In Canada, also, Sir Edwin came in contact with the singers, and graces his pages with their poetic gems. In Japan he lost his heart, and his strain of praise is constant and without a break. The women captivated him, and of the scores of illustrations, in the text or full-page, the majority picture women in every pose, of various estates, and in all kinds and quantities of array. Apparently he saw few or none of the shadows of life in Japan, and his rhapsody and pæan is one which Japanese husbands and fathers, to say nothing of the wives and daughters, would read with interest. Strange as it may seem, a good many of the native editors who listened to the flatteries of their brother of the pen, did not enjoy the sort of stroking which Sir Edwin gave them. Certainly in Tokio, these flatteries comported ill with the intense seriousness of the native editors, reformers, and literary men. It is true that the author's 'Light of Asia' was, as he states, translated into Japanese, but the original and the translation bear the same relation to each other as a living man to a ghost.

The real fact of the matter, and one which cannot be disguised, is, that the intellectual Japanese who has come to himself, and entered even partially into that estate of self-consciousness so characteristic of the European, is profoundly dissatisfied with the low estate of his country and people. He knows that all this fulsome talk of writers like Sir Edwin Arnold can atone but little for the intellectual poverty of his language and literature. Having entered into the new world of ideas born in Europe, he feels that compliments about his art, poetry, politeness, and the assurance that he and his daughter are the most charming beings on earth, have a touch of irony. He does not even hesitate to question their sincerity, or if he believe them to be genuine, as they often undoubtedly are, he regards them as condescension. His ambition is to see and think like an Occidental. To him, compliments about what he deems trivialities are little relished, or at least less so than might superficially appear. It may be, indeed, that the genuine appreciativeness of a small minority of foreigners, and the large popular demand for their cheap art-products, will stimulate the Japanese to set greater store upon their undoubted gifts and good qualities. To the intellectual and more earnest Japanese, however, the severe but kindly criticisms of Prof. Chamberlain, for example, are more welcome and helpful than lavish compliment.

The author's descriptions of nature, people, and politics make fascinating reading. More than any other visitor to Japan he dwells upon the art and poetry, the quaint conceits, lovely manners, and dainty decoration of the Japanese. He will delight thousands of readers, and none the less because of the charm of his style than because he gives but one side—the beautiful side—of a country and people whom to see is to like, if not to love. The final chapters of the book convey information concerning Japan's politics, army, Parliament, foreign relations, and need of treaty revision, which ought to be prized in England. On his homeward voyage past Sumatra Sir Edwin passed the Dutch blockading vessels. His version of the Acheen war and the present situation between Netherlander and Malay is characteristic of a thorough-going believer in the blessings of British rule in Asia.

The Ancestral Dictionary. Edited by John Osborne Austin. Providence: Published by the Author. 1891.

THIS is the third and the smallest of the works with which Mr. Austin has illustrated the genealogy of his native State, but it is in close relation with his great 'Genealogical Dictionary of Rhode Island' and his valuable 'Ancestry of Thirty-three Rhode Islanders born in the Eighteenth Century.' From folio he now descends to octavo form, and tabulates the pedigree for three generations of sixty-four persons, of whom five-sixths are Rhode Islanders, and the rest nearly all have Rhode Island affiliations. Twenty of them are still living, the editor among them; forty-three died in the present century (the first and fourth decades excepted), and but one in the last century. No reason is assigned for the selection, and it is clear that this sort of work could be multiplied indefinitely, like the Messrs. Munsell's series of 'American Ancestry.' In fact, one merit of this Dictionary is that it furnishes at the end a number of blank tables to be filled in *ad libitum* by the possessor.

Some of the better known of Mr. Austin's subjects are Gen. T. L. Casey, Rowland R. Hazard (1792–1874), Edward Harris, Sarah Helen (Power) Whitman, and Dr. Henry E. Turner. Altogether, the 64 in their ascent involve most of the prominent families of Rhode Island, as the 275 surnames of the index show. Miss Betsey Williams (1790–1871) represents, not alone, the stock of Roger Williams, whose descendants for five generations were so fully set forth in the 'Thirty-three Rhode Islanders.' Two at least derive also from the much-married and prolific daughter of Lewis Latham, that cheerful old centenarian (1555–1655), falconer to Charles I., whose progeny was exhibited in the same work. An authentic portrait of him has been selected by Mr. Austin for a frontispiece, and has a curious interest.

Nothing but praise can be bestowed on Mr. Austin's part in this convenient form of family record. His arrangement is clear and tasteful, and his accuracy extreme as always.

Delagoa Bay, its Natives and Natural History. By Rose Monteiro. With 20 original illustrations. London: G. Philip & Son. 1891. Pp. xii, 274. 8vo.

IT would be difficult to find a parallel instance to the life of which this book is a portrayal. For the sake, mainly, of collecting insects, the author, an English lady, spent five years in a cottage a little distance from Lourenço Marques, the Portuguese town at the head of Delagoa Bay, with none but Kafirs for her companions, sometimes absolutely alone, and enduring cheerfully very considerable toil and privation. Her self-sacrifice in the interest of science was, however, not without its reward, for in summing up her work she says: "Many new insects in all classes have fallen to my share, too many to be enumerated here. There is even a new *genus* among the grasshoppers." The earlier chapters of her book contain bright and animated descriptions of her house and its surroundings, and the record of a day's occupations. These consisted of at least seven hours of collecting, the remainder of the day being devoted to preparing the specimens, feeding her caterpillars and other captive animals, as well as providing for her own scanty wants. According to her account, the attractions of her home could not have been very great even to an enthusiastic entomologist, for it was the abiding-place of countless snakes, scorpions, centipedes, lizards, cockroaches, to say nothing of mosquitoes, spiders, flies, ants of all kinds, and swarms of fleas. As her excursions for insects were confined to the immediate neighborhood of her house, she saw comparatively little of the wild natives, so that her references to those living near the coast contain little that is fresh or worthy of note. A possible exception should be made of an interesting tradition related to her by a Kafir "boy," as to the cause of the subordination of the black to the white race. The greater part of the book, however, is devoted to a description of the appearance and habits of the birds and insects dwelling in the bush which surrounded her cottage, as well as of the numerous flowering plants. This is at times done admirably and with unusual literary skill, and again at times in the monotonous way characteristic of a scientific catalogue. There are only a few references to the Portuguese and their relations to the country, and these are all distinctly unfavorable. From pure lack of energy and enterprise, the Portuguese appear to be doing nothing effectually to develop the resources of an exceptionally rich territory, which is suffering chiefly from the lack of a sufficient population. The book is very attractive in its appearance, with peculiarly graceful headpieces to the chapters, showing the various insects of the region and their nests.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Allin, Rev. T. Universalism Asserted. London: Elliot Stock.
Ball, Sir R. The Cause of an Ice Age. [Modern Science Series.] D. Appleton & Co.
Bangs, J. K. Fiddledywink Tales. New York: R. H. Russell & Son.
Barr, Mrs. A. E. A Rose of a Hundred Leaves. A Love Story. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
Bates, Arlo. The Poet and his Self. Boston: Roberts Bros. $1.50.
Bowden, E. M. The Imitation of Buddha: Quotations from Buddhist Literature for each Day in the Year. London: Methuen & Co.
Broughton, Rhoda, and Bisland, Elizabeth. A Widower Indeed. D. Appleton & Co. 50 cents.
Champney, Elizabeth W. Three Vassar Girls in the Tyrol. Boston: Estes & Lauriat. $1.50.
Chatterbox for 1891–92. Boston: Estes & Lauriat. $1.25.
Clark, Kate McC. A Southern Cross Fairy Tale. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.
Collingwood, W. G. The Art Teaching of John Ruskin. London: Percival & Co.
Conway, Prof. W. M. Dawn of Art in the Ancient World. London: Percival & Co.
Dawson, W. J. The Redemption of Edward Strahan: A Social Story. Fleming H. Revell Co. $1.25.
Drake, S. A. The Battle of Gettysburg. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 50 cents.
Dufferin, Marchioness of. My Canadian Journal, 1872–78. D. Appleton & Co.
Dumas, Alexandre. Le Chevalier d'Harmenthal. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.
Dumas, Alexandre. The Regent's Daughter. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.
Dumas, Alexandre, jr. Duchess Annette. Chicago: Laird & Lee. 50 cents.
Faber, Rev. F. W. Kindness. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.
Fawcett, Edgar. A Romance of Two Brothers. New York: Minerva Publishing Co. 25 cents.
Fenn, G. M. Burr Junior. Brentano. $1.50.
Fiske, Stephen. Holiday Stories. Boston: Benjamin R. Tucker.
Forbes, Archibald. The Afghan Wars, 1839–42 and 1878–80. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.75.
France, Anatole. Thaïs. Chicago: Alle C. Smith Publishing Co. 50 cents.
Frith, Henry. The Biography of a Locomotive Engine. Cassell Publishing Co. $1.25.

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Grimke, A. H. William Lloyd Garrison, the Abolitionist. Funk & Wagnalls. $1.50.
Griswold, W. M. Descriptive Lists of American, International, Romantic and British Novels. Cambridge, Mass.: W. M. Griswold.
Harper's Young People, 1891. Harper & Bros.
Hartley, J. S. *Anatomy in Art*. New York: Styles & Cash. $3.
Hawley, Helen A. Friendly Talks with Boys. A. D. F. Randolph & Co. 50 cents.
Hawley, Helen A. Friendly Letters to Girls. A. D. F. Randolph & Co. 50 cents.
Heimburg, W. Misjudged. Rand, McNally & Co. 25 cents.
Heuston, B. F. The Rice Mills of Port Mystery. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr Co. 50 cents.
Higginson, T. W. The New World and the New Book. Boston: Lee & Shepard. $1.50.
Hine, C. V. On the Indian River. Chicago: Charles H. Sergel & Co.
Holmes, O. W. Poetical Works. 3 vols. [Riverside Edition.] Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $4.50.
Horwitz, Miss C. N. Fairy Lure. Boston: D. Lothrop Co. $1.50.
Hovey, Richard. Launcelot and Guinevere. United States Book Co. $1.25.
Howells, W. D. An Imperative Duty. Harper & Bros.
Hughes, Rev. H. Principles of Natural and Supernatural Morals. 2 vols. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.
Huidekoper, R. S. Age of the Domestic Animals. Philadelphia: F. A. Davis. $1.75.
Ibsen, H. Brand. London: Methuen & Co.
Johnson, Virginia W. The Lily of the Arno; or, Florence Past and Present. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.
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Kennan, George. Siberia and the Exile System. 2 vols. The Century Co. $6.
Kirkpatrick, Mrs. T. J. The Modern Cook Book. Springfield, O.: Mast, Crowell & Kirkpatrick. 50 cents.
Kirk, Ellen O. Ciphers. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.
Lamborn, R. H. Mexican Painting and Painters: a Brief Sketch of the Development of the Spanish School of Painting in Mexico. New York: The Author.
Le Sage, A. R. The Bachelor of Salamanca. Worthington Co.
Lever, Charles. Charles O'Malley the Irish Dragoon. 2 vols. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.
Little One's Annual: Stories and Poems. Boston: Estes & Lauriat. $1.75.
Lombroso, Prof. Cesare. The Man of Genius. London: Walter Scott; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25.
Loughead, Mrs. F. H. The Man from Nowhere. ["The Gold Dust Series."] San Francisco: C. A. Murdock & Co. 25 cents.
Lounsbury, Prof. T. R. Studies in Chaucer: His Life and Writings. 3 vols. Harper & Bros.
Lytton, E. B. Rienzi, the Last of the Roman Tribunes. 2 vols. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.
Lytton, E. B. The Last Days of Pompeii. 2 vols. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.
Maclean, Clara D. Light o' Love. Worthington Co.
Mather, Helen. One Summer in Hawaii. Cassell Publishing Company. $2.
Matthews, Brander. The Dramatic Essays of Charles Lamb. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.25.
Maurice, Rev. F. D. Lincoln's Inn Sermons, Vol. II. Macmillan & Co. $1.25.
McLaren, E. T. Doctor John Brown and his Sister Isabella. 5th ed. A. D. F. Randolph & Co. 85 cents.
McVickar, H. W. Our Amateur Circus. Harper & Bros.
Merry, Rev. W. W. Selected Fragments of Roman Poetry. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Macmillan.
Molière, J. B. *Le Misanthrope*. Boston: Ginn & Co. 25 cents.
Moody, Mrs. M. L. The Little Millionaire. Boston: D. Lothrop Co. $1.50.
Munger, Rev. T. T. On the Threshold. New ed. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.
Nash, Henry. Barerock; or, the Island of Pearls. Macmillan & Co. $1.50.
Nevill, Ralph. Old Cottage and Domestic Architecture in Southwest Surrey. 2d ed. Guilford, Eng.: Billing and Sons; New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.
Ober, Fred. A. The Knockabout Club on the Spanish Main. Boston: Estes & Lauriat. $1.50.
O'Connor, T. P. The Life of Charles Stewart Parnell. Ward, Lock, Bowden & Co. 50 cents.
Panin, Ivan. The Structure of the Bible. Grafton, Mass.: Gospel of Christ Print.
Parke, T. H. My Personal Experiences in Equatorial Africa. Charles Scribner's Sons. $6.
Peacock, T. L. Melincourt. 2 vols. London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York: Macmillan. $2.
Peattie, Elia W. With Scrip and Staff: A Tale of the Children's Crusade. A. D. F. Randolph & Co. $1.
Peters, E. D., jr. Modern American Methods of Copper Smelting. 2d ed. New York: The Scientific Publishing Co.
Poole, J. The Practical Telephone Handbook and Guide to the Telephonic Exchange. London: Whittaker & Co.; New York: Macmillan. 75 cents.
Pope, F. L. Modern Practice of the Electric Telegraph. 14th ed. D. Van Nostrand Co. $1.50.
Prentiss, Prof. G. L. The Agreement between Union Seminary and the General Assembly. A. D. F. Randolph & Co. 50 cents.
Pris. Boston: Roberts Bros. 50 cents.
Pyle, Howard. A Modern Aladdin; or, The Wonderful Adventures of Oliver Munier. Harper & Bros.
Richards, Laura E. Hildegarde's Holiday. Boston: Estes & Lauriat. $1.25.
Robertson, J. L. Thomson's Seasons, etc. Oxford Clarendon Press; New York: Macmillan.
Rose and Lavender. Boston: Roberts Bros. $1.
Ruffini, G. D. Doctor Antonio. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 75 cents.
Ruskin, J. Poems. [Brantwood Edition.] 2 vols. Charles E. Merrill & Co. $3.
Russell, Dora. Out of Eden. John W. Lovell Co. 50 cents.
Russell, W. C. The British Seas. Macmillan & Co. $7.50.
Sumner, Prof. W. G. The Financier and the Finances of the American Revolution. 2 vols. Dodd, Mead & Co. $5.

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